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JULY 26, 1975

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A DESIGNING WOMAN is what some in volleyball consider Mary Jo Peppel, a talented prima donna. But she may be in tune with the times. Pat Jordan goes one-on-one with the Superstar and finds her a model sportswoman.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except the last 4 issues of the year. Editorial offices: 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Telephone: (212) 512-2000. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes in New York City to Sports Illustrated, Attention: Fulfillment Dept., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. Outside New York City, send changes to Fulfillment Dept., P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

TWO-MILLIONTH RUN

It took major league baseball 99 years to score one million runs, which historic event, you may recall, occurred May 4 when the Astros' Bob Watson touched home plate. Now, how soon can we expect Run No. 2,000,000? The Seiko Time Corp. has projected that it will take place on June 12, 2042. What odds would anyone like to give that it will be scored by a woman?

MARKETPLACE

Among the 37,000 spectators at last week's two-day U.S.A.-Pan Africa-West Germany track meet in Durham, N.C. were a dozen gimlet-eyed observers from American colleges who had come to recruit from the ranks of the foreigners. Top prospects were Kenyan quarter-milers Stephen Chepkwony and Francis Musyoki (although neither did particularly well in Durham), German hammer thrower Walter Schmidt (who was spectacular) and a woman high jumper from Germany, Ulrike Meyfarth, who won a gold medal at Munich when she was 16.

When Ted Banks, coach of NCAA champion University of Texas at El Paso, was told that one prospect he coveted spoke almost no English, he replied cheerily, "If the kid's good enough, there are always ways of overcoming these little obstacles."

RELAXING REPORT

Since parental and official forces are constantly tugging and pushing at the Little League, it is comforting to hear that the pressures of play itself are not as great as many have feared. In fact, tests on kids in action suggest that the games trigger little stress, and whatever minimal tension they produce quickly subsides. So says Dale Hanson, a phys ed teacher from the University of New Mexico, citing studies on the subject and adding a clincher based on his own research. Not only is the emotional stress inconsequential, but the games don't provide much exercise either, Hanson says; except for

the pitcher and catcher, not even enough to contribute to the players' overall physical fitness.

LOSS LEADERS

Lest we forget, all games are played at all levels. The lowest and the least also perform, and there are standards down there, too, to be revered. Herewith, a tip of the hat to a couple of anti-winners:

The Bellingham (Wash.) Dodgers of the Class A Northwest League have just stumbled through to professional baseball's alltime worst start, with a 0-25 record (the old mark was 23, set in 1937 by Lewiston, Idaho of the Western International League). Another alltime low-water record loomed for the Dodgers last week: Granite Falls of the Western Carolina League dropped 33 games at the end of the 1951 season, the most consecutive losses ever registered in organized baseball. But Bellingham simply didn't have the non-stamina or the antitalent to last through the long haul to 34 straight defeats: the team won last week, defeating the Eugene Emeralds 5-1 in the first game of a doubleheader.

With the pressure of maintaining a perfect record off, Dodger Manager Bill Berrier, whose club lists a 19-year-old as its oldest player, plus 12 Latinos of whom 11 speak no English, sighed with relief between games. "I've never had so much notoriety for a win in my life," he said. "For the first time we've put pitching, hitting and fielding together—in some games we've had one of them, sometimes two. We got that first win, we might win 25 in a row now." Unfortunately not. In the very first inning of the second game of the doubleheader, no fewer than 13 Emeralds went to the plate, scored nine runs and went on to start a new Dodger losing streak by beating Bellingham, 14-5.

Also notably high in the ranks of sport incompetents is one Hotsy Alperstein of Chevy Chase, Md., who runs the recreation-equipment division of his family's business and claims to be America's

"high gross golf champion." According to Tom Boswell of *The Washington Post*, Hotsy has been playing golf once a year for 17 years and has averaged 23 lost balls per round. His first 18-hole score was 137 and he has increased it annually, this year reaching 189, which Hotsy considers his alltime best. On that round he hit 14 balls into one water hazard, and he didn't count whiffs. Hotsy habitually carries five dozen balls with him when he plays. He says he once bought a new set of clubs wholesale, but "the manufacturer made me file the brand name off." He feels certain that the incredible awfulness of his golf scores constitutes a certifiable world record, but Hotsy realizes it could be even more ephemeral than most. "I guess my record could easily be broken by anyone who wasn't really trying."

TITLE IX

Bingo III, a female bulldog, will officially become Handsome Dan XII in the fall, ending an 86-year string of male mascots at Yale.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

Rocky Bridges, for years a tobacco-chewing shortstop and now in his second season as manager of the Phoenix Giants of the Pacific Coast League, commented recently on the changing ways of



ballplayers. "I didn't have any trouble getting used to the instantanees when the players started bringing music to the locker room," he said. "It sounded like bad plumbing but it was O.K. with me. And I didn't get too excited when they started bringing hair dryers to the clubhouse. And I didn't mind that six guys on the team use curlers in their hair. But I never thought I'd see the day when a player took a portable sewing machine

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on road trips to make his own clothes." It's true. First Baseman Tony Pepper tailors his trousers, hemstitches and does appliques. He is also batting .280. Do his teammates needle him?

JAWS OF YESTERDAY

Bench tourists on Cape Cod are as queasy about their waters this summer as anyone, thanks to *Jaws*. But to the true salty seasoned Cape Codder, stories of weird and terrible beings in the water are old, old stuff.

Recently, George Moses of the *Cape Cod Standard-Times* dug up a report published in Provincetown in September 1719: "On the 17th Instant there appeared in Cape Cod Harbour a strange creature. His head like a Lyons with very large Teeth. Ears hanging down, a long Beard with curling hair on his head, his Body about 16 foot long, a round buttock with a short taylor of a yellowish colour; the Whale boats gave him chase. He was very fierce and gnashed his teeth with great rage when they attack him, he was shot three times and Wounded. When he rose out of the Water he always faced the boats in that angry manner; the Harpers struck at him but in vain, for after 5 hours chase he took to sea again. None of the people ever saw his like before."

Such things were taken in stride in the old days, as the *Standard-Times* Moses pointed out. "Back then, Cape Codders had the good sense not to report sea serpents in the summer. They waited until the season was mostly over."

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE

Governor Cecil Andrus of Idaho participated in a celebrity tournament at Sun Valley's Elkhorn golf course recently. Governor Andrus is an abominable golfer but a polished politician who has a perfectly clear understanding of the nuances of executive privilege. Before play began, Andrus ordered a pamphlet containing his definition of the rules of golf for governors distributed to everyone at the course:

"1) The governor always wins, and that's an executive order. 2) The governor cheats. 3) Other players, the gallery and all cart drivers will smile and act natural while rules 1) and 2) are being observed. 4) Play begins only after one truly superior player has volunteered to be the governor's partner. 5) The governor can demand a new partner at any time—even

during his former partner's backswing. 6) The governor may change his bets at any time. 7) The governor can settle his bets through IOUs, promotion, pleading poverty, etc., but all other bets are payable in cash on the 18th green, especially those owed the governor. 8) Other rules will be instituted by the governor as needs arise. 9) No complaining, grumbling, arguing, griping or crying about these rules will be tolerated."

Most of the complaining, grumbling, griping and crying came from the governor. He shot 112.

BIRD OF ANOTHER FEATHER

The new Seattle NFL franchise has selected the name Seahawks for its team, which begins play in 1976. The Seattle Seahawks—yes, it would seem logical enough, an image of speed and power, evocative of the Pacific Northwest, alliterative even. However, since the choice was made, certain Seattle critics have been pleased to point out that a seahawk is in reality a skua—or jaeger—a thieving critter specializing in robbing other seabirds of their food. When attacked for said robberies, the seahawk tends to upchuck as a way of showing that it is under stress.

The team's general manager, John Thompson, disagrees, claiming that a seahawk is in fact the dashing, handsome, graceful osprey that swoops out of the sky to snatch fish from the sea.

Who is correct? James Rod of the National Audubon Society says that the seahawk is indeed a thief with impressive capacities for throwing up, that the osprey in Thompson's noble scenario is more likely a fish hawk. The Seattle Fish Hawks? Somehow it seems to go much better with a Super Bowl of bouillabaisse.

HIGH NOTE

In *The Merry Widow* there is a scene in which Count Danilo receives a desperate message that the Pontevodman kingdom is bankrupt and that the count must marry a rich widow to rescue his homeland. It is ordinarily a sentimental moment, but recently in Cincinnati, Baritone Alan Titus, star of the New York City Opera and a renowned baseball fan, gave it a new twist. When the message came, Titus as Count Danilo took it, read it, and cried out, "Do you know what it says here? It says the Reds beat the Mets 3-2!" The crowd roared in delight, and Titus went on to save the kingdom.

RUBBER STAMP POWER

So we are to have seven more years of Bowie Kuhn. To the re-elected baseball commissioner, the new term in office will be worth about a million dollars in salary. To baseball, it will be worth something a lot less tangible, and perhaps something a lot less, period.

Though he resisted—and survived—a cracked-teacup revolt of embittered owners led by that incomparable opportunist and cynic, Charles O. Finley, Kuhn's main saving grace is his patrician bearing. Meeting in Milwaukee, the major league owners returned him to office by a resounding 22-2 vote largely because there has always been a lot more General Eckert than Judge Landis in Kuhn. The owners' overwhelming approval represents a predictable rubber-stamp reaction of a very predictable rubber-stamp commissioner. The lesson from Milwaukee last week was that the closest to real power Bowie Kuhn will ever be allowed to get is the seat he had next to Henry Kissinger at the All-Star Game.

PITCHES WITCHES

Whatever problems Bowie Kuhn may confront, they won't be half so scary as those facing Obere Asiko, commissioner of the Kenya Football Federation. Not long ago, Asiko felt compelled to warn fans, team officials, players, trainers and practicing witch doctors that anyone found guilty of casting spells with animals during soccer games would be subject to criminal prosecution.

Sorcery is a continuing problem at Kenya's pitches. Sideline medicine men claim they can make the ball disappear or cast spells on opponents with bird and animal charms. Asiko declared, "The practice of witchcraft is unsettling our efforts to clean up soccer."

We eagerly await a progress report from Mr. Asiko who may, even now, be shrunk to one inch in height.

THEY SAID IT

• Bob Gibson, the St. Louis Cardinals' 39-year-old pitcher: "If I was a young kid, they'd look at my stuff and say I was a heck of a prospect."

• Alan Rothenberg, Luker attorney, on how newsmen missed a clue to the Kareem Abdul-Jabbar trade: "During the league meetings, when it came time to vote on whether to retain the center jump, the Lakers voted to keep it and Milwaukee voted to get rid of it." **END**

Footloose

by KENNY MOORE

What conceivable motives could have prompted me to enter a Siamese fighting fish (*Betta splendens*) in a tropical fish show? It was simply the less-than-logical conclusion to a journey begun on an idle visit to a Dallas aquarium shop, an amphibious esthetic response to crimson fins and flowing lavender tail. Once bought, this painfully bright, bloody bit of flesh was christened Biopsy.

Later, having surmounted the sidelong glances of scalmates on the flight home to Oregon (hourly removing the lid of the Styrofoam carrying case and furtively blowing in fresh air), one felt an urge to justify this taste in pets. I sought out fish people.

The Emerald Aquarium Society of Eugene was conducting a show in the vacated rifle range of the local National Guard armory. Lured on by the apparent innocence of a contest that found it necessary to publish such rules as, "If a fish dies before judging, it may be replaced," or, "Withdrawal of leaking tanks will be required," I arrived with fish and bowl on the ordained set-up-up day to be confronted by a man of beatific expression upholding water into a tank from a Clorox bottle balanced on his head. Dozens of categories of aquarists were to be judged, and

A COLORED ACCOUNT OF A FISH SHOW: WE WEREN'T GIVEN A FIGHTING CHANCE

their curators were engaged in a frenzy of planning, arranging minute gravel paths over ceramic bridges, wrestling with tubing.

The Bettas were ranged in tiers of half-gallon bowls with cardboard sheets slipped between. A glimpse of another Beta, even distorted by the curve of cheap molded glass, sends the fish into a flaring dance. The participants were to be removed during the judging, "that one might evaluate the specimens' department," said an official.

When all was ready, we exhibitors were shut out of the hall and the inspectors went to work. It was whispered that the 20 Beta entries were privileged to be judged by a member of Intentional Beta Congress (an unfortunate tale, a congress of Bettas would be a boiling, snapping fury). Perhaps its

members have adopted some of their fish's habits, however, and travel singly. The state of Oregon has only one IBC member. But then it did not seem that the area held many impressive Bettas. My Texas-bred stallion was at least a third larger than any other entrant, with far more spacious fins. And that unmatchable lavender tail.

At length the ribbons were awarded and we rushed into the room. A small vicious death. Third place, with 63 1/2 of 100 possible points. The judge had written, "A beautiful body and fins upon which to place a clean color pattern." The victor and other place winners were all of solid colors, either cornflower blue or deep red. A case of uneducated taste undone by lettered snobbery. At that moment it seemed that the appropriate contest between Biopsy and the little blue champion should be one to the death. How easily we transfer our competitive drives to objects over which we can have no control. Bettas, horses, the Los Angeles Dodgers. Thinking there must be a point beyond which we ought to resist these urges, I carried Biopsy home. Returned to his community tank, he flared threateningly at a peacocking golden ram and had his tail stealy via in half. **END**

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

Introducing himself in the third chapter of *The Fight* (Little, Brown, \$7.95), Norman Mailer reflects upon what has in recent years increasingly become his favorite subject: "Now, our man of wisdom had a vice. He wrote about himself. Not only would he describe the events he saw, but his own small effect on events. This irritated critics. They spoke of ego trips and the unattractive dimensions of his narcissism. Such criticism did not hurt too much. He had already had a love affair with himself, and it used up a good deal of love. He was no longer so pleased with his presence. His daily reactions bored him. . . . His mind, he noticed, was beginning to spit its wheels. . . ."

Evidently Mailer's trip to Zaire last year for the Ali-Foran fight was not merely a journalistic assignment undertaken to take in money, but an attempt to get himself into artistic shape. *The Fight* strongly suggests that he did not succeed. This is a curiously flat, offhand book—a case of Mailer going through the motions, or, to use his own description, spinning his wheels.

Mailer has been following fights for some time, as well as engaging in occasional unscheduled bouts of his own, and he fantasizes

IN ZAIRE MAILER WAS FLOORED BY HIS WRITING: HE WAS SADLY OUT OF SHAPE

himself an authority on pugilism. Combine that with his roundly celebrated (mostly by himself) hangups on race, and the Ali-Foran fight would seem to have been a natural for him: not only did it pit one mighty black fighter against another, but it was staged in the heart of Joseph Conrad's darknesses, the former Belgian Congo.

Though Mailer tries mightily to dress up the fight with all manner of mythic, historical and folk-cultural finery, what he ends up with is . . . well, a fight. Of the book's 239 pages, 177 are exhausted before the first punch is thrown (" . . . a tentative left. It came up short"), and precious little in those 177 pages lends substance to Mailer's view that this was not just a fight, but a collision between "vital forces," which he defines as follows: "N'golo was a Congolese word

for force, for vital force. Equally could it be applied to ego, status, strength or libido. Indubitably did Ali feel deprived of his rightful share. For 10 years, the press had been cheating Ali of n'golo. No matter if he had as much as anyone in America, he wanted more. It is not n'golo you have, but the n'golo you are denied that excites the harshest hysterics of the soul. So he could not want to lose this fight. If he did, they would write up the epitaphs for his career, and the dead have no n'golo. The dead are dying of thirst, so goes an old African saying. The dead cannot dwell in the n'golo that arrives with the first swallow of palm wine, whiskey or beer."

It would be nice to think that there was a smile on Mailer's face as he wrote such silly Hemingwayisms as "the dead have no n'golo," but he seems to be serious throughout, even when he horrendously dangles a modifier: "A wise man from Miami, the banks of the Zaire were not for Angelo."

That, to put it as charitably as possible, is sloppy writing. There is a lot of sloppy writing in *The Fight*, a book that is a self-indulgent diversion for the writer and a bore for the reader. **END**

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IN THE MAIN THE RAIN WAS A PAIN

Rolling into the British Grand Prix, Niki Lauda had a lock on the drivers championship, but then the storms put him on the skids

by CLIVE GAMMON

One of the traditions of Formula 1 racing is that the cars run rain or shine, unlike those Indy-type contests where the slightest mist sends everybody scurrying for cover. But even so, there occasionally comes a time when enough is enough, and that time came last Saturday with 11 laps to go in the British Grand Prix. The race was red-flagged in a cloudburst, with cars littering the track and catch fences like so many shiny, broken toys. Officials declared Brazil's Emerson Fittipaldi the winner. Survivor would have been just as good a word.

Going in, the race had certain elements that promised to make it special, and the prospects brought 77,000 fans streaming to Silverstone, 70 miles down the road from London. First, there was the chance to see Niki Lauda, the 26-year-old Aus-

trian who has been cutting a record swath through the season in his new 12-cylinder Ferrari 312-T. With four Grand Prix victories behind him and six races to go, Lauda had a 22-point lead in the world drivers championship, the biggest margin since 1965 when the late Jimmy Clark led the pack. Another lure was the race itself: last year Lauda also had been leading the series—by four points—when his fortunes turned at the same British Grand Prix, and he started a disastrous slide that finally landed him in fourth place, 17 points behind champion Fittipaldi. This season's 22-point edge is admittedly harder to erode, but it wouldn't take an absurdly superstitious racing fan to have seen dire warnings in the rumbling thunder and lightning that preceded the events at Silverstone. And finally,

there was the prospect of the sort of stirring racing that this all-star series never fails to produce.

The crowd got much more than expected: there was indeed stirring racing while it lasted. But there also was the anticipation that history might repeat itself for Lauda. The storms and smashups came as a bonus.

After practice and qualifying through weather that sank steadily from bad to awful, the race started in a gray drizzle. Taking the lead at the start was a young Welshman named Tom Pryce, who had set a track record of 132.48 mph in practice in his UOP Shadow, while Brazil's Carlos Pace started second, and Lauda third. But in the action that followed, the pole position wasn't worth much. In the next hour or so, three separate storms

continued

Awaiting the start in his Ferrari, Lauda scoffed at the superstitions about his racing luck.



slashed the circuit, striking randomly at three separate locations. The problem was most of the cars were wearing standard slick racing tires, with their treaded rain tires stacked in the pits. In one of the flash storms, Pryce skidded off the track at a spot called Becketts Corner before he could skutter back home for a tire change. Other drivers alternately ran for the pits or ran for the front, and the lead changed nine times. If that wasn't an outright record it was right up there. "The pits looked like Piccadilly Circus," said ex-world champion Jackie Stewart at trackside. "I've never seen so many changes in the leaders in any Grand Prix."

Somewhere out there was Lauda, tucked into fourth and growing angrier by the lap over the circumstances that were forcing him to run so cautiously. At one point, he figured there were three centimeters of water under his wheels. "Can you believe it?" he said later. "I went into a skid going about 15 miles an hour in *first gear*. They should have stopped the race long before they did." And also somewhere out there was the coolest head of all, Fittipaldi, who had been sliding along in sixth and seventh, neatly sidestepping crack-ups and spinning cars, waiting for his opening. He found it on the 43rd lap, eased his McLaren into the lead and held it there until the red flags came out on lap 57.

Meanwhile, other racing notables, cautious and otherwise, were in trouble. Eleven cars were involved in crashes of varying severity, and the wonder of it was that nobody was critically hurt. One spectator, stationed at a corner called Stowe Bend, found himself staring into a gray wall of rain. "I couldn't see anything," he said. "All I could hear was the staccato crunch, crunch, crunch of cars colliding." At one point nearby, a track marshal ran to and a driver whose car had spun to a stop—and suddenly was tossed end over end by another runaway racer. Surprisingly, a broken shoulder and concussion were the worst of his injuries.

Most seriously hurt of the drivers was Jean-Pierre Jarier, who lost control of his UOP Shadow sliding out of the Woodcote Corner chicane on his 54th lap and slashed into the wire safety fence. Momentum carried him spinning through four more catch fences before the car stopped, and Jarier climbed out with facial cuts and a possible concussion. Oth-



Whizzing cautiously against a backdrop of the gathering storm, Fittipaldi held on to win.

ers were luckier by degrees: South African Jody Scheckter, who had been among those pushing for the lead through the storms, suffered a sprained wrist. Brabham driver Pace sustained a slight neck injury. Britain's Tony Brise escaped with cuts and bruises. American Mark Donohue, the 1972 Indy winner, escaped unhurt, as did Wilson Fittipaldi, the champion's brother, Vittorio Brambilla of Italy, James Hunt and John Watson of Britain and Jochen Mass of West Germany.

"It was like I was driving on clear ice," said Donohue. "I tried the brakes for 2,000 yards, but I finally went through the catch fence." Mass said, "The puddles were so thick I just floated across the top of them." Into the fence, of course.

Finally, mercifully, officials ended the regatta. Fittipaldi was rolling when the flags came out—but just barely. He had pitted, holding the lead, and was on his way back out. "I saw some yellow flags and some shapes of cars," he said, "but I saw nothing clearly. Then I saw that the race had been stopped."

By the time officials got everything untangled, the day had stretched well into evening, and most of the spectators were sitting in the 10-mile traffic jam that

blocked the leafy Northamptonshire lanes, their clothes gently steaming. Fittipaldi had completed 56 laps in 1:22.05, the scorer ruled, averaging a somewhat surprising 120.01 mph. The next three places were awarded to cars that weren't running: Pace was second, Scheckter third, Hunt fourth.

And what of Lauda? He was spotted back in eighth position. In Grand Prix, eighth place means no points. Lauda's 22-point lead had suddenly dwindled to 14 over Fittipaldi. And now, with five races left, he again began to appear vulnerable.

Although he failed to pick up any points in the five races after last year's British Grand Prix, Lauda refuses to look upon that race as his nemesis. "I just had bad luck," he says. But critics point to what they call alarming lapses of judgment in those five races. Even in this 1975 race there were signs of eroding confidence. With little more than 10 laps to run at Brands Hatch last year, when it looked as if nothing could prevent Lauda from winning, one tire suffered a slow puncture. Instead of dashing directly into the pits for a wheel change, he pressed on until the tire disintegrated. "I thought I could make it," he said at the time. It certainly wasn't his fault



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY FRISO

that the exit to the pit road turned out to be blocked by hangers-on and an official. He came in ninth, but was awarded fifth place after two inquiries. Those were the last championship points he picked up.

In the next race, at the Nurburgring in Germany, with Scheckter getting the better of him on the second bend, Lauda tried a dangerous bit of braking, took off over Scheckter's head and ended up in the catch fence. He admitted later that he had been desperately anxious to make up for the Brands Hatch debacle. In round 12, in front of his Austrian countrymen at Österreichring, Lauda failed to finish—followed by similar disasters at Monza, Mosport and Watkins Glen.

This season, however, Lauda has been back on the glory road, but it remains to be seen whether he has matured enough as a driver to hold on through the last rounds. There is nothing about him to suggest a temperamental inability to recover. He may well be right to refer to last season's setbacks as bad luck—certainly his crashing into stones and rubble churned up by another driver in the 1974 Canadian Grand Prix comes into this category.

Lauda is a young man who has a very precise idea of what he wants and has

few compunctions about the way he gets it. He acquired his first car, a mini-Cooper he wanted for hill-climbing rallies in Austria, by the simple expedient of telling his grandmother that he had crashed the car of a friend and had to replace it. He is now interested in flying. He owns a Cessna and flies it even though he does have a pilot's license. "I'm doing the practical part first," he says. "The theory will have to come later." He is equally cool about his traveling companion for the last five years, one Maria Mariella, who comes from a wealthy Austrian family. "A piece of paper, a wedding ring . . . things like this don't matter very much to me."

Still, Lauda is clearly no playboy. In the off-season he spends up to 10 hours a day at the Ferrari testing track at Fiorano, a mile from the factory. He is that comparatively rare bird, a superb racing driver who also is a fine test driver. As Ferrari's former manager, Franco Lini, says, "We never had a really good test driver on the Ferrari team after Chris Amon left in 1970. Jacky Ickx was a bloody good driver for us, but not a test driver. Lauda's teammate, Clay Regazzoni, is not a test driver. But when Niki Lauda joined us for the 1974 season, we had one. He'll come in and say something like, 'We need one degree more of this,

or two millimeters more of that.' He is an unbelievable worker. He'll keep everybody working on the test track until he is finished. He has played as big a part as anybody in our new car. He has this *cala sensibile*, as we Italians call it—a sensitivity of the back, to put it politely."

Lauda says that although he has not had technical training—he is the son of a rich Viennese industrialist and left school at 18 to go straight into motor sports—he is fascinated by technical problems. "I have to understand things. If I have a problem with a car, I have to solve it. If it takes five years, I will solve it." Out of his racing gear, Lauda wears a shabby gray sweater, jeans and scuffed black shoes. He isn't the handsome, carefree stereotype of the Grand Prix driver. In fact, his slightly twisted smile is rare and it isn't too fanciful to pick out a predatory quality in his features. In the underslung lower jaw lies the hint of a blue shark cutting through the water.

At Silverstone last Saturday his disappointment was manifest, though he controlled his first, tight-jawed, head-down reaction swiftly enough to talk to reporters. The same control will be required for the rest of the season if Lauda is to fulfill what, until the rainy Saturday, looked like a certain world championship. **END**

During the race, girl friend Maria Mariella kept score.

Lauda ended up a pointless eighth



A NONDECISION BEGS THE QUESTION

When a criminal court jury became deadlocked in the Dave Forbes case, the future nature of hockey was also left hanging

by RAY KENNEDY

On Jan. 4, 1975, insofar as this case is concerned, two events occurred: one, a hockey game was played by two National Hockey League teams, the Minnesota North Stars and the Boston Bruins, in the Metropolitan Sports Center in the city of Bloomington in the county of Hennepin in the state of Minnesota; secondly, the defendant, Mr. David Forbes, a member of the Boston Bruins team, committed an aggravated assault on Mr. Henry Boucha, a member of the North Star team.

So, in *fact*, just-the-facts-please fashion did Hennepin County Attorney Gary Flakne introduce Case No. 63280, "The State of Minnesota vs. David S. Forbes," to the jury in Hennepin District Court on July 9.

Ten days, 27 witnesses and 18 hours of deliberation later, the trial ended in an equally perfunctory manner when Judge Rolf Fosseen ruled, "Since there is no reasonable probability for agreement, the jury is dismissed. I suggest that you get your hat and coats. Court dismissed."

The hung jury satisfied no one, least of all David S. Forbes. Moments after the mistrial was declared, the 26-year-old Bruin leftwinger slumped against a railing outside the courtroom as if stunned by a particularly vicious body check. "I feel like I've been trampled by a thousand buffaloes," he said. "I'm more confused now than I've been through this whole thing."

He is not alone. Indeed, though propriety prevailed in the courtroom, controversy has raged elsewhere ever since Forbes was indicted (51, Jan. 27) by a Hennepin County grand jury on Jan. 17 for aggravated assault with a dangerous weapon—his hockey stick. As the first prosecution of a professional athlete in the U.S. for an alleged criminal act committed during a sporting event, the

Forbes trial figured to become a test case for legal precedents that could reshape the nature of contact sports.

Fred Shero, coach of the Stanley Cup champion Philadelphia Flyers, a team often celebrated as the Broad Street Bullies, voiced a typical reaction: "This trial's a joke. There'd be no sports, no leagues if this kind of thing always happened. If a guy threw a baseball at your head, you'd immediately sue him. If a guy came into second base with his spikes high, you'd sue him. In football they jump you from behind, they knee you, they kick you, and all you'd have to do is get a film of this, say it's illegal, and sue them. It's crazy."

NHL President Clarence Campbell, who suspended Forbes for 10 games after what he described as "one of the most vicious incidents I have ever been called upon to deal with," said that the trial was "very embarrassing to hockey. Courts are not the answer. Discipline must remain within the sport. Civil authorities are not equipped to deal with happenings in a game [particularly] isolated incidents. If you begin to rely on a court, no discipline in sport would be acceptable in terms of public opinion."

The battle lines became even more sharply defined when Case No. 63280 moved into the courtroom. In an unsuccessful attempt to have the trial dismissed, Forbes' defense attorney, Ronald Meshbesher, the patron saint of lost legal causes in Minneapolis, stated that,

Henry Boucha describes the blow to his head in Judge Rolf Fosseen's court. Seated, from left, are Defense Attorneys Ronald Meshbesher and Joseph Keough with Dave Forbes. Prosecutor Gary Flakne follows the dramatic testimony from the center of the other table.

"I can't imagine our legislature envisioned that the assault statutes would be applied to any type of professional athletic contest. If that's true, then everyone who engages in boxing is guilty of assault every time they punch the other participant. The application of the law to Mr. Forbes makes him a scapegoat."

Reactions outside the courtroom cast other suspicions. "This is a political thing," said Joseph Keough, Forbes' personal attorney from Pawtucket, R.I., "a situation of a guy who took a national case and is pursuing it for publicity. I know of at least two NHL general managers who want to ban [play in] the whole state of Minnesota. Their feeling is, why bring in a team and subject them to a guy like Flakne wanting to make political hay."

Flakne, who was appointed to the va-



ated office of county attorney in 1973, then elected last November, is a liberal Republican in a Democratic county. He says, "I don't prosecute for political purposes. An assault is an assault whether it occurs in a parking lot, at a country club or on a hunk of ice rented by the NHL. Any county attorney worth his salt would prosecute in this case."

There is no denying that Flakne has what his assistants call flair. To "humanize the office," as one aide explains it, Flakne was pictured on one campaign poster as St. George killing the dragon. Others had him variously costumed as Superman apprehending a bicycle thief and as Robin Hood astride a horse with attending bowmen and fair maidens. On each poster was the slogan: "Not Your Ordinary County Attorney."

And it was the extraordinary aspects

of the Forbes incident, says Flakne, that prompted him to make it the first case he has personally prosecuted. "It is neither my function nor my desire to reform major league sports," he insists. "I'm here to enforce the law; reformation is the job of the sport itself. No, I am not appalled by violence. I can understand a lineman hitting a quarterback with his elbow to get his attention. I did the same thing myself on occasion when I played tackle in high school. But I don't think I ever tried to put someone's eyes out."

In his opening statement to the jury Flakne explained that early in the first period of the game in question "an altercation developed between the defendant and Mr. Boucha" that sidelined both players with seven-minute penalties. "You will hear from various witnesses," Flakne said, that once in the penalty box

"the defendant told Mr. Boucha he would 'shove his hockey stick down his [Boucha's] throat.'"

After their penalties expired, Flakne related, both players left the mid-rink penalty box as play was stopped at one end of the ice. Boucha headed for the bench with Forbes trailing behind. "Spectators will tell you," Flakne said, how Forbes, "carrying his hockey stick in an unusual manner, went out of his way to catch up with Mr. Boucha," how "unexpectedly and without warning" he "thrust his stick to Mr. Boucha's head in a bayonet- or spearing-type motion" and how "immediately upon the stick hitting Mr. Boucha in the area of his right eye, blood began to spurt out."

Striking a table for emphasis, Flakne said that "the defendant's attack did not end at that point. Rather, as Henry Bou-

continued



cha clutched his eye—which he thought he had lost—and fell, stunned and bleeding to the ice, the defendant leaped on Mr. Boucha's back and began to strike Mr. Boucha's head and body with his fists." Then, Flakne continued, his voice rising, "The defendant grabbed Mr. Boucha's hair and began to pound Mr. Boucha's face onto the ice as blood radiated from Mr. Boucha's head."

The gory description was followed by a videotape of the first-period mayhem. Among the many ironies in the case, one being the rumor that Forbes was on the verge of being traded to the North Stars before he achieved instant notoriety, was the fact that the unedited tape of the incident included a Dodge commercial showing Forbes surrounded by admiring youngsters. That bit of prejudicial evidence, however, was judiciously excised from the film. Since the camera was trained at the far end of the rink when the attack took place near mid-ice, the jury saw only the scuffling aftermath of what the TV announcer called "a real Doneybrook."

The film did show the earlier clash in which Forbes, after riding Boucha hard into the boards with a high elbow, got locked in a struggle with his bigger North Star opponent. As the jurors leaned forward in their seats, a slow-motion replay showed Boucha wrest his right arm free and knock Forbes to his knees with an overhand punch while the announcer gleefully exclaimed, "Watch this right! Bang! There's the best right of the year!"

Though the film did not substantiate the claim, through carefully worded reputation as the trial progressed Meshbeshier seemed intent on creating the impression that Boucha hit Forbes from behind with a "sucker punch." Emphasizing throughout that Forbes' "alleged assault was retaliation in kind," Meshbeshier pursued the theme that similar violent acts were not only common but an integral part of a "rough, tough game." Or, as he repeatedly put it to witnesses, "That's hockey, right?"

Wrong, countered Flakne, who called 24 witnesses—officials, spectators, players, physicians—to the stand to support his charge that the "deliberate attack without provocation" was "unique" because "it did not occur as a normal event during a hockey game."

In awkward succession witnesses took Exhibit F—a hockey stick—in hand to

demonstrate how Forbes "jabbed," "spear" and "slashed" Boucha with the butt end in action described as "an upward, golf-swing motion," "a kind of football throw" or "a horizontal butt stroke."

Boucha, still bearing a faintly purple scar over his right eye, testified that Forbes "threw a punch with the stick in an overhand motion." He said the injury, which required 25 stitches and remedial surgery for a small fracture of the eye socket, continues to cause him "double vision in the lower gaze." Under cross-examination Boucha impassively agreed with Meshbeshier's statements that he had "been 'stitched' more than 12 times," that "players expect this kind of thing" and that Forbes "called you and apologized, and you accepted."

A curious air of amiability, which culminated during the weekend break with both Forbes and Flakne playing in a local celebrity golf tournament, quickly evaporated when the trial moved into its second week and the prosecution called its last witness, NHL President Campbell.

Reliterating much of the damaging evidence he had released at the time of Forbes' suspension, Campbell said that at a hearing held in Minneapolis in January Forbes told him "he was thinking of ways to get back at Boucha" while sitting in the penalty box and that, as they returned to the ice, Forbes had said, "O.K., let's go now."

Reading from his notes, Campbell quoted Forbes as saying, "I intended to strike a blow with my fist. The stick was in my hand. I hit him in the face with my stick. I did not realize he was hurt."

After Bruin Coach Don Cherry attested to Forbes' contrition ("He had tears in his eyes, saying, 'What have I done? What have I done?'"), the defendant took the stand. Handsome, articulate and credible, Forbes spoke of the psychological pressures of playing pro hockey, "a game of intimidation." Corroborating or slightly amending Campbell's testimony, he added that if he had not retaliated against Boucha, "that would be telling him I was afraid, that he could walk all over me."

Later in his office, reflecting on Forbes' cool resistance to his cross-examination, Flakne said, "If you buy his line about not knowing he had the stick in his hand when he hit Boucha, I've got some loss in Florida I'd like to talk to you about."

Flakne drew more than insinuations in his summation to the jury, the intention of which was to prove that "the defendant intentionally inflicted bodily harm." Using a blackboard, he wrote 1) THE THREAT, noting that one witness sitting near the penalty box heard Forbes shout at Boucha, "I'm not going to dirty my hands, Henry, I'm going to use my stick." Pointing to 2) ENCOURAGEMENT, Flakne said that, according to witnesses, Boston's Bobby Schumatz "skated by the box and said to the defendant, 'Get him the first chance you get, buddy.'"

And so on through 7) THE ATTACK CONTINUES: "The moment the stick connected with Henry Boucha's head or eye area," said Flakne, "blood spurted profusely, as though an artery had been severed," according to witness Dr. Barrett. But the attack continued."

"If Mr. Flakne's theory of this case is correct," countered Meshbeshier in his summation, "he will have to close his office for all other business and take complaints solely for athletic events. Don't take complaints for crimes on the street. Get all your men watching every game, and enforce the law fairly."

Alternately pacing and thumping the lectern, Meshbeshier noted that, "In this very same game Andre Savard, the Boston player, had his eye laid open . . . requiring sutures. And how did that happen? Dennis O'Brien of the North Stars hit him with his stick. And Mr. Flakne said, 'Well, he didn't intend to.' Who says he didn't? He got a penalty for deliberate intent to injure. Well, where is Dennis O'Brien? Is Mr. Forbes here because he was wearing a Boston Bruin uniform, and Mr. O'Brien is not sitting in his place instead because he wore a North Star uniform? If you're going to enforce this assault law on the ice, let's be fair about it. I submit to you that had this man been wearing a different-colored uniform that night he would not be seated behind the counsel table and suffering the ordeal of a criminal charge and trial."

"I hold no brief for the way hockey is played today. It is a violent, bloody game, where you have to have a doctor on call all the time ready to stitch up, have an ambulance available, players getting maimed, some even dying. I can't justify it. If the sport is to be cleaned up, let the legislatures clean it up and tell the hockey league, 'Clean your own house.' But don't make this man the patsy."

The jury did not—at least this time around. The sticking point was the interpretation of the involved criteria for determining the three possible verdicts: guilty of aggravated assault, guilty of simple assault or not guilty. After several hours of deliberation the jury asked to have transcripts of the judge's instructions, a mind-bending charge that ran to 26 pages of legalese.

While a national corps of newsmen stood vigil outside the courtroom long into the night, Forbes, many of the attorneys and an assorted retinue adjourned to a restaurant and bar across the street. "I don't envy the jury its job," said Meshbesher over a martini. "I've read that statute they're trying to decipher 12 times, and I still don't understand it."

The decision hinged, he said, on a pair of jurors—one male, one female. The man was popularly known as the Fan, due to the fact that he was the lone member who had professed an interest in hockey. The other came to be called the Rocker from the way she seemed to be constantly nodding in agreement with testimony. "They're the key," said Meshbesher. "Two dead opposites."

Sure enough, when the mistrial was finally declared, the first two jurors to come boiling out of the jury room were the Fan and the Rocker. The Fan, Gary Goranson, 26, an insurance adjuster, allowed that, "Things got pretty heated in there at the end. The problem was intent. I didn't feel Mr. Forbes intended to inflict bodily harm. Like any well-trained athlete he does things instinctively, without thinking."

On the first vote, Goranson said, eight jurors thought Forbes was guilty of aggravated assault. The final poll was nine for simple assault and three for not guilty. "Myself and two other men said we were going to hold out for a million years for innocent," said Goranson. "I can see 12 women—like the five on this jury did—going for aggravated assault. But I can't conceive of a mixed jury ever coming to a decision on an issue such as this."

The Rocker, Shirley Matheson, a saleslady in a children's shoe store, was visibly distraught at the outcome. In a shaking voice she claimed that it was "those hockey fans" who caused the mistrial. Goranson, she said, was a physical education major in college—a fact that Flake did not draw out when querying



Linesman Ray Scapinato points out the area on the ice where Forbes attacked Boucha.

potential jurors. Of the Fan, the Rocker said, "At one point he even said something like 'I guess I'm just prejudiced.'" Then, as Flake was heading for the TV cameras, she stopped him, poked him in the chest and scolded, "You're going to have to question potential jurors deeper next time."

If there is a next time for Forbes it will be determined at an Aug. 5 hearing, when Flake will be required to announce whether he intends to re-prosecute. At the moment he is saying nothing except that "it depends on a lot of variables."

Boucha is also saying very little these days on the advice of his lawyer, who is considering suing Forbes pending legal developments. Though Boucha's first reaction to Forbes' indictment was, "They've got to be crazy!" he has apparently altered his opinion somewhat.

His career has undergone a change, too. After coming back to play 10 games with the North Stars, double vision and all, he was suspended for unexplained "disciplinary reasons" and is now negotiating with the rival Minnesota Fighting Saints in the WHA.

As for Forbes, he headed for Rochester, N.H. last week to ponder his fate at a children's hockey camp where he and some of his Bruin teammates are instructors. After spending so many bewildering

hours in court he says he is seriously considering entering law school in an effort to rescue other unfortunates like himself. "And believe me," he says, "if I ever get convicted there will be a lot more prosecutions to handle."

Alan Eagleson, Executive Director of the NHL Players Association and a lawyer himself, seems to think the same. He notes that several players now have public liability insurance to protect them in situations where fans antagonize players to the point that the player makes a retaliatory move and is then sued by the fans in civil action. Eagleson feels the question of liability may have reached the point where the NHL, the teams and the Players Association should sit down to see how public liability protection can cover all players.

Indeed, the most serious implication of Case No. 63280 may be its contagious nature. When the Forbes trial first opened, for example, a visiting attorney sat in and took notes. Seems that his client, a semipro hockey player, is being prosecuted in Fargo, N. Dak. for hitting a rival player between the eyes with the butt end of his stick.

The last and most portentous word belongs to the man who started it all. "Make no mistake," says Flake, "we shall see more of this."

END

THEY'RE GRINNING AND BEARING

Ex-Dolphins Csonka, Klick and Warfield and their three new Caddys have made the big switch to the Memphis Grizzlies. As exhibition games began, they demolished their first foe: Technicolor pants **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Wherever Butch and Sundance go there's bound to be trouble," said Larry Csonka. "I wonder what it'll be this time?" He grinned hugely at the prospect. Crouched behind the wheel of his spanking-new silver Cadillac Seville, his

raw-knuckled hands clenching and unclenching, eyes flashing, mustache a-bristle below that flattened, much-fractured monument of a nose, Csonka indeed came across as the reincarnation of a 19th century desperado heading off

for some new and outrageous adventure.

In point of fact, he was. Before the week was out, Csonka, the Sundance Kid, and his pals, Jim Klick and Paul Warfield, would be deeply embroiled in a serio-comic battle of wills with their new employers, the Memphis Southmen, and with the high management of the World Football League over whether to wear or not to wear some exceedingly fancy pants. Questions of taste and masters of pride would boil up in the punts dispute and there would be sharp debates about color schemes and player reflexes, a lot of bad jokes and super-heavy sarcasm. A couple of fascinating if somewhat sloppily played exhibition games also took place during the week, so that all in all one had a clue or two to the answers to questions many pro football fans have asked since Csonka, Klick and Warfield left the Miami Dolphins to join the WFL. Will the \$3.5 million triumvirate be happy in their new home? Will their new home be happy with them? And will the WFL survive?

The answers: Yes. Yes. Who can tell? At the moment, though, Csonka was driving from Memphis to Senatobia, Miss., 40 miles down the road, to rejoin the Southmen in training camp. Behind him lay 2½ weeks of hard work in the sultry sun of northern Mississippi, not to mention an ignominious defeat on the West Coast the night before in his first outing as a "Grizzly"—an alternative appellation for the Southmen, who started life last year as the Toronto Northmen but never played there. (Memphians distinctly prefer Grizzlies to Southmen.)

The 47-16 loss had come at the hot hand of another NFL transplant, the Southern California Sun's new quarterback, Daryle Lamonica, late of the Oakland Raiders, and the flashing feet of Anthony Davis, the USC hotshot whose feet were deemed not quite flashing enough by the NFL. Abetted by Lamonica's thread-needle passing, Davis scored four

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KJETHNER



Csonka takes a breather in Senatobia where he found he could't haggle with shop owners.

touchdowns and ran for 56 yards. By contrast, Csonka gained just 12 yards in four carries. Kick a scant three in five rushes, while Warfield caught a single pass for 28 yards. The only other Grizzly with an instant identification rating is quarterback John Huarte, the 1964 Heisman Trophy winner from Notre Dame who kicked around as backup to the likes of Joe Namath and Len Dawson for nine years. Huarte did not have a good night with his side-arm delivery, throwing two interceptions. That, together with sluggish timing, blown blocks and tackles, plus the Grizzlies' inability to get out of their own way, caused many of the 24,610 onlookers at Anaheim to wonder how Memphis could have managed a 17-3 record last year, the best in the NFL's maiden season. Certainly the transmogrified Dolphins did not appear ready to stand the new league on its ear all by their threesome.

The team flew from Anaheim to Memphis on a one-stop charter "red eye" immediately after the Sun game, but that, it was explained, was as much to get ready for the exhibition on Saturday as to avoid an extra night's hotel bill. When it came to the amenities, Memphis turned out to be not much different from most NFL teams: the food was excellent and came in great quantities; the equipment, medication and transportation were fully sufficient; only the dormitories were Spartan. When Csonka and Klick discovered there was no TV in their room, they went to the Western Auto store in Senatobia and bargained for a portable. "I knocked the guy down 520 on the price," Zonk said proudly. "What's more, we didn't have the cash on us. But he gave us credit until next payday. Try that in New York or Miami."

South of Memphis, the Mississippi scenery rolled by, green and undulate. Lob-lolly pines, soybean fields. Thick covers awhistle with bobwhite quail. Slow brown creeks and buckwheat where kids in straw hats fished for bream with cane poles. A far cry from the Miami training camp where the Dolphins work.



Against the Sun, Csonka carried for 12 yards. In his second exhibition game he got 90.

Csonka's silver Seville—Klick got a brown one with beige stripes, and Warfield a conservative navy-blue model as part of the deal—cornered sedately into downtown Senatobia: a pleasant town of less than 4,000, full of pickup trucks and men in overalls with quids of Red Man in their sunburned cheeks, plump but pretty girls in (believe it or not) summer dresses, even a store called Varner's, as if Bill Faulkner had just stopped by for a cold Dr Pepper. Or something. No one paid much attention to the Caddy. Zonk maneuvered his way onto the campus of Northwest Junior College and past a building by the name of Bobo Hall. A gaggle of lovely black and white cords gave him fluttery-laddered looks.

Outside the cool vault of the car it was 97° and humid enough to float a stern-wheeler. That scarcely discouraged young Mike and John Hilger of West Helena, Ark., who had journeyed across the Father of Waters in search of autographs. They descended on Zonk, befeckled outriders of a pygmy mob that soon had the fullback half buried in pens and cheap notebooks. Zonk tried to keep his pleasure hidden under a deadpan gaze, but his eyes were a giveaway. It was one of the benefits not listed in the contract.

In the workout, hard and pounding in the blaze of late afternoon, the Grizzlies

looked better coordinated than they had against the Sun. Coach John McVay, 44, a somber, sunken-eyed defensive expert with credentials from Miami of Ohio ("The Cradle of Coaches") and a splendid record at the University of Dayton, emanated unhappy vibes and the players seemed to pick up on them. "Coaches are all alike," Zonk had said earlier. "Shula would fine you, but that was secondary. It was the disapproval that bothered you and motivated you." Though he did not compare McVay with Don Shula in so many words, it was clear that pro football was pro football and that the same rules prevailed here, too, if on a lower, less intense key. At one point during the drill, Joe Eaglowski, the stocky, usually benign defensive line coach, exploded in wrath at a bumbled play: "Dammit, kick 'em in the cushews, anything, but get free!"

The Grizzlies listened and tried. "I blow up about once every five years," The Eagle said later, a bit shamefaced, "but today it was necessary. We've got to get better, and I think they're doing it." And the general manager voiced the lament of general managers everywhere. "I wish I had some headhunters," said Leo Cahill, formerly of the Toronto Argonauts. "A couple of guys who would run all around rolling their eyes and smacking people. I wish, I wish. . . ."

continued



NEW GRIZZLIES *rockin'*

The pants problem: the plan was for running backs like Willie Spencer to wear green and quarterbacks like Lonnie Stewart, white.

trying to build a serious image," he said finally. "I'm too far along in my career to begin playing Emmett Kelly."

"I'd look like a lime tree," said Kiick of his greenies. "Or some kind of fruit."

"Sure," said Zonk, sneering beneath his "stash," and the coaches are going to wear shocking pink suits with high heels and those little lace caps they like so much. Heck, these pants are what the owners wear up in their air-conditioned suites when they watch the game. They figure it's only right that we dress as nicely as they do. Reality has finally worked its way down to the football field."

He tossed the offending garment onto the floor of the locker room, among the empty Gatorade cans and the reeking socks. "Seriously," he went on, "apart from the fact that they look silly, apart from the fact that although we're told this is all entertainment—and we who play it don't want to believe that—these things are just plain dumb. Football players are trained all their lives to key on jersey colors. This color means friend. That color means enemy. The pants are always neutral. Now, what if you're a Memphis cornerback wearing an orange jersey and you're dropping back on pass coverage and out of the corner of your eye you see a flash of orange behind you. Maybe you think it's double coverage coming over to help you out. But maybe it's the orange pants of the enemy wide receiver. Bang, you're beat. Everything happens so fast, by reflex. People could start hitting their own people. Guys could get hurt. I won't wear these pants."

Another consideration, and one that some members of management as well as the working stiffs were concerned about, was psychological. After last year's financial embarrassments, the 11 WFL franchises desperately need to build credibility. They would like to appear stable, serious, capable of playing real football. The new leadership of the WFL and the arrival of such established stars as Csonka, Kiick, Warfield and Lamonica are steps in that direction. The fancy pants could very well counter that gain; they look too much like a circus play, a carney shuff's hook.

The higher-ups in the league were smart enough not to force the issue. Finding their superacquisitions for being out of uniform would have been pointless as discipline and would have done long-term ticket sales no good at all. Dissension is not what is needed at this point in WFL history. Eventually, some tactful genius decided that neither the teams nor the fans had been properly prepared for the fancy pants experiment. So when the Grizzlies arrived at Alamog Stadium for their game with the San Antonio Wings on Saturday night, all that was at issue was football.

The triumvirate had stopped off at their apartments in Memphis before heading Texasward. The pads—three-bedroom, spacious new places that rent for \$330 a month, with the Grizzlies picking up the tab—reflected the ex-Dolphins' personalities. Warfield's was neat, spare, with Braque prints on the wall. Kiick's was in the process of being recarpeted at his demand. Csonka's was a true outlaw's warren—blue suede boots and leather jackets on the floor, a wine bottle on the sink, loose bills lying on the dresser. "He's put his fist through the door twice already," said the landlady breathlessly.

The Wings-Griz game was another of those WFL wonders—a few flashes of brilliance with some hopes of future improvement, all wrapped in a dough of dopey plays, turnovers, bad calls, weak arms. The only thing Warfield managed to do was drop two of Huarte's few well-thrown passes, one of them a sure touchdown. Warfield's routes were well run, though, and no doubt he will soon get the Mazola off his fingertips. Kiick hardly played at all, but Csonka showed that the old outlaw still has his stuff. During an 11-minute, 18-play drive early in the second quarter, Larry collected 45 yards on 10 carries before the Griz were stopped on the one-yard line. It was the Zonk we all know and love—head down, belling, bruising, carrying tacklers, punishing and pounding.

A 79-yard punt return by San Antonio's J.V. Stokes in the third quarter gave the Wings a 7-0 victory. But there was also good news for the Griz: in the game Zonk had gained 90 yards. As the man says, there's trouble ahead, especially for anyone in his way.

END

Problems of that order faded to insignificance, though, when the Great Fancy Pants Controversy erupted toward the end of the week. It had been the intention of the WFL to experiment during a few preseason games with a new concept in color-coding aimed at enlightening spectators as to the differing roles of the 22 monsters they could see whaling away at one another on the field. The idea was to give players different-colored pants to designate their positions. Offensive linemen would wear purple trousers, running backs green, wide receivers orange, defensive linemen blue, linebackers red, deep backs yellow and quarterbacks white with colored stars down the leg. A good idea on paper, particularly for television audiences. Certainly the colorful pants would set the WFL apart from the "other" league, and might even help to attract a network TV contract—something the WFL needs.

But when the first four pairs of pants arrived at Senatobia—for Csonka, Kiick, Warfield and Huarte—good sense caught up with show biz. Warfield studied his orange bags with the black vertical stripes for a long, serious moment. "I've spent 11 years in professional football

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HIS HEART'S IN THE HIGH LAND

Having sheared all of his local competition, sheep farmer Joss Naylor, Britain's marvelous fall runner, is going to try Pikes Peak

by CLIVE GAMMON

The last two ducklings have plenty of run left in them, and in the dimly lit barn they twist and dodge like hockey players to avoid capture. But they stand no real chance. One hand intercepts the leader, another hand swoops down on the second, and into a sack they go with the rest of the furious fluff balls. Without pausing, the farmer, now brown from the summer sun and wearing, incongruously, track shorts and running shoes, races off to release them in a small outbuilding. He has noticed the soft curtains of rain billowing down the sides of Yewbarrow Fell, 2,000 feet above his 17th-century farmhouse at Bowerdale, in the English Lake District, and if the fleeces of the 100 sheep he has set himself to shear before nightfall get soaked, he will have lost 24 hours from an already-desperate schedule; you can shear wet sheep but you can't pack wet wool. So with the ducklings out of the way, Joss Naylor comes running back with his sheep dog at his heels to herd the flock into the barn. He quickly pinions the first sheep across his knees and begins snipping at its fleece with his shears. He is hurrying because he has a plane to catch.

Joss Naylor weighs 135 pounds, will be 40 next February and has had two discs removed from his spine. Single-handed, he farms 150 acres of rough sheep-grazing land on the side of a mountain in Cumbria, in the north of England, and 50 good acres in the valley. Normally there would be no necessity for him to clip his 1,500 head of sheep at the killing rate he has set himself. But they all have to be finished in a fortnight, when he plans to fly to Colorado to prepare for the Pikes Peak Marathon, a 26.4-mile mountain run which takes place on Aug. 3. The conditions will be alien to him, especially the altitude, but so extraordinary have been his feats in mountain runs in Britain that his fellow runners there believe he will have the same devastating impact in Colorado that he has had in his home country. Meanwhile, aside from the sheep, he has made most of his preparations. His brother will take in his three milking cows, and since his three young children will be home from school, his wife Mary, who has a summer job at a tourist restaurant on the lake below the farm,

will have enough help with the stock.

Now he slaps a blue stock mark on a shorn ram and grabs another. "It's hard work," he says, "but it helps me to prepare, mentally like. When you're sitting here for a couple of weeks, sometimes in the rain, sometimes in the red-hot sun, clipping your 100 sheep a day, it's very easy to start telling yourself that you can give over at six o'clock, when you've done 80. It's like when you get the first touch of cramp in the legs when you're running, and you think, 'I'm not going to finish.' But see, you can't think that. You have to fix it in your mind that you are going to do it, just like the 100 sheep, and stick it out till you've done."

Mountain running—fell running, it tends to get called in Britain because fell is the dialect word for mountain in the Lake District, where the sport was first developed more than a century ago—must rank with marathon swimming as the cruelest test of an athlete's endurance. It involves grueling changes of gradient, and terrain that ranges from loose stone and rock outcrops, through high grass that drags at the legs, to peaty bog patches. A year ago in June, Joss Naylor decided he was ready to run the Pennine Chain, the long spine of mountain that extends from the Scottish border across northern England to the peak district of Derbyshire, in the Midlands. The course was 271½ miles, and Joss would run alone in an attempt to break the existing record of four days and five hours. He set out from the village of Kirk Yethold, just inside Scotland, a little after three in the morning and headed for Cheviot Hills.

"I had a great first day," he recalls. "I did 106 miles. But somewhere I'd torn a muscle in my groin, and when I set off next morning I couldn't lift my leg. I had to trail it for the first 14 miles. I got some treatment on it with this deep heat stuff and I could start running again, but it pained me for the rest of the time. The second morning, too, I strained my Achilles tendon."

That second day he had to climb High Cup Nick, cross its northern edge to Cauldron Snout and then negotiate a rock stairway down to the valley of the river Tees. Besides the injuries he had

continued

picked up en route, he now admits that he was in poor shape when he began. He had hurt his back baling hay on the farm, so that his sciatic nerve was troubling him, and a couple of weeks previously, in another farm mishap, he'd knocked his hip bone out of its cup and it was still very sore.

"I was just about a wreck when I started," he says, "and through the third day my body was in such a state with injuries that it was just a bloody awful endurance test. I should have packed it in but it was all built up in my mind . . . to finish like. And there were all the people who'd come to help me, the pace-makers I had. I felt I had to see it through. At the end, my ankles were swollen up, my hands were swollen and my shoulders were aching badly because I'd tried to put the wear and tear on them. I had a dead feeling in my legs, and it took nearly six months for them to come right. You know, I can't sleep after one of those big runs. Probably I get an hour or so of proper sleep and then I stay restless for the rest of the night. It's two or even three nights before I'm myself again, because the body has taken such a big pasting . . . the blood runs from your gut into your arms and legs." He adds wistfully, "If all had gone well, it could have been a great record. . . ."

Unless you were aware of the result, you could get the impression that Joss failed in his Pennine Chain attempt. In fact, he broke the record by 24 hours, covering the 27½ miles (including 32,000 feet of ascent and descent) in three days, four hours and 36 minutes, including rest stops totaling 18 hours, 43 minutes. What chagrins him is that he didn't do precisely what he had in mind—cut the time to under three days.

Such a feat as the Pennine run would be a gargantuan one for an athlete in his prime who had never had a day's illness. The medical history of Joss Naylor, though, sounds like required reading for up-and-coming osteopaths. He was an undersized child, and when he was nine an unlucky kick in the back—as he fooled with the other kids—permanently injured his spine. He lived with intermittent pain right through his childhood and as a young man, until they took two discs from his spine when he was 20. He recovered enough to take part in Cumberland wrestling—formal contests, Japanese in style, in which the opponents clasp one another by the waist—but an-

other piece of bad luck hit him very soon after. He was 23 when he jumped a wire fence, stumbled and went down on his back, his spine hitting a stone that was no bigger than a pigeon's egg.

"It was two years before I was any good after that," he relates.

He was 32 years old when he started serious fell running. He carried no credentials with him. There had been no organized athletics in his school, which he left at 15. To this day he has never run a flat race, much less a marathon. But by June 1970 he had set the first of the 12 records he now holds, running the four 3,000-foot-plus Lake District peaks in eight hours and 20 minutes.

There are clearly two factors that have gone into the making of Joss Naylor. One is a searing determination that shows itself physically in his dark, intense cast of feature and the harshness of effort he puts into a farm task like clipping a sheep. The other is the place where he has spent all his life.

There are two Lake Districts. One is the green, idyllically beautiful country of Wordsworth's Rydal Water and Dove Cottage, gentle lakes like Grasmere and pretty stone villages where you buy gingerbread and Kendal muntcake to take home and from where you can look up at the picturesque mountains. Sometimes, though, the reality breaks through. The mist and cold on the hilltops, even in high summer, kill 10 tourists a year. Although most of the peaks are under 3,000 feet, they come straight up from sea level. It is this second Lake District which raised Naylor. His little farmhouse, huddled under the shadow of Yewbarrow Fell, looks across the black glacial depths of Wast Water Lake to an immense gray cliff of loose shale—the scree. He was born on his father's farm, at the head of the lake, and moved the six miles to Bowerdale when he married. His mother, he'll tell you with clear pride, was a Wilson of Wasdale, the oldest family in these parts. He does not talk much about his father, except to say that he gave him no encouragement.

The most recent of his feats, perhaps the one of which he is proudest, is setting a new record for the classic "Lakeland 24 Hours." In 1864, the Reverend J. M. Elliott managed four of the mountains in 8½ hours, and through the remainder of the century others improved on his feat in an unregulated way. The "24 Hours" really took its shape in

1903, when Dr. A. W. Wakefield, a notable fell runner, declared that the aim must be to conquer "the greatest possible number of peaks above 2,000 feet and to return to the starting point within 24 hours." A record established in 1932 by a legendary fell runner called Bob Graham (42 peaks; height ascended 27,000 feet, time 23 hours, 39 minutes) lasted until 1960, but between that date and 1965 the record was gradually pushed up to 60 peaks. In 1971, Joss Naylor made it 61. The margin, though, was too narrow for a man like Naylor, even though he raised it to 63 in 1972. He was determined to set such a new level of achievement that it could scarcely be challenged in his own time, and just after 7 a.m. on June 22 of this year he started out at the base of Skiddaw Mountain, near Keswick.

"That section was the worst," he recalls. "All heather and long grass. That heather in peaty ground, there's holes in it and you keep dropping into them. There's a lot of snow on it in winter, and no sheep, so the grass doesn't get eaten. I deliberately did that section first to get it off my mind. If you come on that sort of stuff when you've got 40 to 50 miles on your legs, you take it badly, mentally like. It was better when we came on the Helvellyn section: it's walked by tourists so there's footpaths. It was very hot, though, and I got to the first checkpoint a half hour before I should have, so the pace-makers hadn't got organized, they had no liquid for me. I was dehydrated and I got cramp for a while, but after I was able to drink, they passed off. The cramped muscles were still sore but they lasted out."

He ran on through the day, saving his legs as much as he could on the descents. "In a way," he says, "it's worse on a steep descent because your legs can't fully relax, you keep putting tension on them. You have to reduce this as much as you can to give yourself a good start on the climbs, like the one I had on Scafell when I had to cover rocks and loose scree. The worst stuff of all is that blueberry wire; it grows about a foot high. I was on bracken for the first 1,500 feet, then this stuff was on the last 1,000 feet. It was terrible hard work and it was beginning to get dark."

He ran on through the darkness, which he describes as difficult, not because of the obvious dangers but, once again, because of the tension it puts on the legs.

What Yashica means to the pet photographer.

His pace-makers shone flashlights, but the moon was full, he says, and the double shadows gave him trouble. "One was fighting the other, like," he says. Once dawn broke he got his rhythm back. "It was a most beautiful sunrise," he remembers. "We were just going off under Causey Pike, that's the farthest-out peak on the Grasmere range—it's about a mile out on a limb, that peak. It looks such a waste of effort, you know. You have to get to it, it's separate from all the others and you've got so many miles on your legs. It's these sort of things that break a man."

Nothing has broken Naylor so far. Inside the 24 hours he covered 108 miles and climbed 40,000 feet, or thereabouts. The precise decimal points have still to be worked out. But, undeniably, he reached 72 summits in 23 hours, 11 minutes. After two days' rest, he started shearing.

For all his intense dedication, Joss Naylor remains a 19th-century amateur in attitude. There are professional fell runs, but he has never taken part. "Wherever money comes in," he says, "there's always roguing. I live without a lot of money and I don't want any out of my sport." Friends organized a subscription to send him to Colorado; to start with, at least, he'll stay with Mike Fenerty, the brother of a friend of his from Liverpool, who has settled in Boulder. "I'm going to the States on my own," he says. "The altitude will be a lot against me, but I've a couple of weeks to adjust. After I've been in Boulder I'm hoping to get a bit nearer to Pikes Peak and jog up it a couple of times. I'll be better off training out there, anyway. Here I've got all this farm work staring me in the face, making me feel guilty. . . . Mike Fenerty wrote me this morning that there was a bunch of good lads in the race, easy to get on with. If it wasn't for the altitude, I'd like the race to be longer. Anyway, I've got two weeks to put it together."

"I hope the going is rough," he adds. "I like a bit of rock. Before I started running, I used to go out on a Sunday with my climbing rope, around the crags on Red Pike and Ennerdale, looking for sheep in trouble. . . . A sheep that just thinks it's in trouble, clasped over his knees for shearing, tries to wriggle free. "No you don't, my beauty," says Naylor. "I've no time to be chasing you."

END

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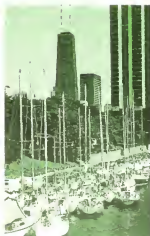
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Heigh-ho for the Mac

Whether the winds be mere zephyrs, like those nudging Osprey's headsails at right, or gales to shiver hearts and spars, the Chicago-Mackinac is the queen of Great Lakes sailing races. Next week when some 300 boats set forth from the Chicago Yacht Club for the 68th Mac the event will be doubly notable. First, it is the 100th anniversary year of the sponsoring CYC. Second, most of the Mackinac fleet will have just completed the Lakes' largest

race, the 628 miles from Port Huron, above Detroit, to Chicago. Now they must turn around and commence the 333 miles back to Mackinac. No one has yet managed to beat the schooner *Amarita's* 1911 record of 31 hours, 15 minutes — or convinced the competitors that the name of the island has a terminal “aw,” as the natives say it. Turn the pages for more photographs by Eric Schweikardt, and a prose slice-of-the-Mac by Dan Gerber.

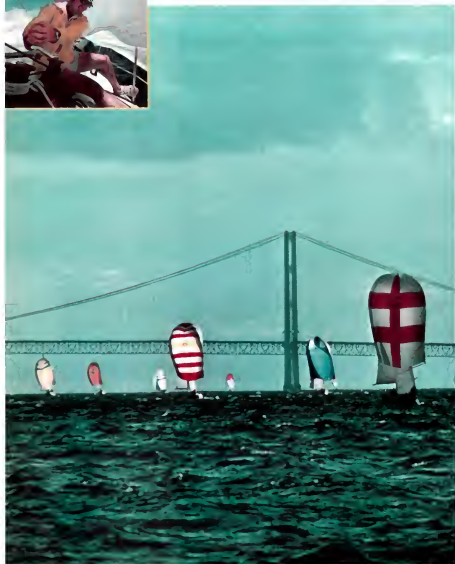


Mackinac fleet rafts up at CYC before heading out to where there is neither tide nor salt—but enough wind and weather to test the saltiest ocean racer.





Running down to the finish, the crew at winches



and sheets must remain alert and respond to each nuance of sail trim.





No Salt but Plenty of Pepper

by Dan Gerber

A gibbous moon is reflected in the water astern and Taurus is rising to the east. It would be an excellent night for laying out the constellations of July, but I'm numb with the exhaustion of too many sail changes and too little sleep. I gulp soda from a can as if it were all that mattered. It is a mild evening, warm for any time of year on Lake Michigan, and the dry ice we took on in Chicago has made the aluminum can so cold it numbs the rope burns on my hands. I had held on to the spinaker guy too long after the sheet was let go, then, gathering sail, burned my hands again on the sheet as the shifting wind carried the raging kite astern. My elbows ache from being rapped continually by winch handles.

I had done a fair share of racing in small one-design-class boats that require advanced gymnastic ability, and had always regarded yacht racing as a genteel sport for those who had gotten either too old or too feeble to do backbends off the windward rail. It was, in my mind, a kind of *Better Homes and Gardens* cruise on which you set your sails, broke out the beer and suntan lotion and hoped the wind might blow you to the finish faster than the other boats, that you wouldn't get a sunburn and that your hangover wouldn't be so severe as to spoil a celebration when you got there. Now, aboard the

Islander 41 *Osprey*, my illusions are devastated. I keep telling myself I'm having fun.

I look up at the stars again and see our watch captain, George Stevens, at the helm. He has been manning it for more than three hours, sleighriding in a furling sea, and the veins on his forehead are protruding like those of a weight lifter. We lose a wave, the stern sinks into a swell, and for a moment it feels almost as if we've stopped. The knotmeter falls to 5½, we hear the stern wake break as it catches us, then suddenly we rise as if cresting a hill and speed down the other side, our wake boiling and the bow lurching sharply to port. The needle of the knotmeter surges to nine. George spins the large destroyer wheel all the way to the lock, then backs off on it to bring the bow back on line with Point Betsie light.

We have been sailing for nearly 33 hours and in another 30 minutes the watch will change and George, Jeff Fisher (the captain's brother), Steve Chambers and I will have an opportunity to get some sleep. I find myself selfishly contriving to be the first below and to grab a leeward berth so I can sleep without having to cling to the mattress.

We have fallen below the thumb line (the most direct course from Chicago to Mackinac Island) and are pointing hard, trying to clear Point Betsie, a rocky shoal on the Michigan shore. In half an hour it will be midnight Sunday, and ever since we took the starting gun at 2:30 Saturday afternoon the wind has been shifting steadily from east to southeast to south to southwest. The red glow of the relative-wind dial now indicates that the wind is coming

eastward

Sunset on the Mac—a photographic composition of light and shadow. At right, a sloop with its spinaker straining goes by the Grand Hotel



straight out of the west, almost 80 degrees off our port beam, and I realize we'll have to tack to make the point. The sleighride is over.

A line of thunderheads becomes visible as lightning flashes to the east and south. It occurs to me that the smaller boats we passed during the previous night are probably back there in the storm, surrounded by the thunder that we can only imagine with each pink flash through the clouds. I have been hoping that there wouldn't be any more sail changes before my watch went off duty at midnight, that I could just hold on, try to stay awake and let the starboard watch tack around Point Betsie while I collapsed in my berth. But I can see that it's not to be. *Meteeor*, another Islander 41 and one of the boats closest to us in the complex handicap system that determines who has to finish when to beat whom, is almost within shouting distance off our stern to the east.

Our skipper, Mike Fisher, and Hank Burkhard, skipper of *Meteeor*, have established a special race within the class; they call it the Winnebago Cup, since both Islander 41s have enough freeboard to be considered the seagoing equivalents of those slab-sided motorhomes. Because of her extended spinnaker poles, *Meteeor* has to give us two minutes, 39 seconds, and at the moment, being slightly ahead and to windward, we estimate that we have about two minutes lead on her. I see her blooper, a cut-down spinnaker, collapse and realize that she is making her tack for Point Betsie. Though it is his off-watch, Mike Fisher has been forward watching the Point Betsie light and hollering information back to the helmsman. Every time our starcut starts to curl, Mike calls back, George falls off on the helm to keep it from collapsing, and I reach over the leeward rail to take up the slack. Several times I've been almost jerked overboard as the starcut fills and the sheet snaps taut.

Our boat *Meteeor* at the Port Huron-Mackinac race, and Burkhard is trying to even the score. I call to Mike to let him know that *Meteeor* is making her tack, but he tells George to keep steady on the helm and to work upwind as the hulls. With only her jib and mainsail, *Meteeor* has lost some speed, but she's outpacing us and beginning to move across our wake.

Mike is opting to maintain our speed with the starcut and staysail and make a last-minute tack for the point. George argues that the wind may slack close to shore, but Mike has decided to take that risk. In the cabin below, Bill Carlson, Robert Ball and Eric are sleeping away the last minutes of their off-watch before they take over the midwatch. Several times Mike has called them to help with sail changes, but was only able to stir Robert, who stumbled up from the galley and cranked the halyard in a trance, then stumbled back below without saying a word. I find myself pitying the starboard watch for the rude awakening they will have, but at the same time I'm greedy for one of their berths and hoping that they won't be able to rouse me for any sail changes. At this point I know that even if I hear them calling, I'll pretend to be asleep.

The night before, I had the midwatch, and the blackflies, which seem to come alive about dawn and are a hazard of yacht racing on the Great Lakes, had kept me from getting any sleep before I had to come back on at eight. I realize it would be foolish to total the sleep I've had in the last three days. The night before the race it was 85° and muggy in Chicago. Nocturnal revelers, sailors and groups ran over the decks like loquacious squirrels, the traffic streamed by a hundred feet away on Lake Shore Drive, and the whole harbor area was redolent of stale beer, sweat, dead fish and diesel oil. It was 4:30 the last time I'd looked at my watch, and 6 a.m. when the first sunlight flared through the starboard portholes. I laughed cynically to myself as I remembered the orders on the schedule sheet Mike had taped to the forward bulkhead: "5. Get plenty of rest prior to the race, as we will be driving *Ogryet* as hard as possible. 6. Side advice . . . Don't be hung over Saturday morning! . . . unless you are in training."

The afternoon before the race the Chicago Yacht Club resembled the setting for the International Telephone Line-men's Pole Climbing Championships. An occasional sunburned sailor in a bosun's chair, freeing a halyard or tightening the screws on an aluminum spar, reinforced this image. Erie, a photographer who had spent several seasons on the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit and who had expected the Chicago-Mackinac to

be a moderately small inland lake race, was amazed to see so many racing and quasi-racing yachts assembled in one place, 244 boats ranging from former America's Cup contenders *Heritage* and *Weatherly* to a pair of 27-foot C&Cs.

The yacht club is in the heart of downtown Chicago and the masts of the boats seemed emulations of the skyscrapers half-circling the harbor. Brylcreemed men in business suits roamed the narrow docks, dodging barefoot, long-haired sailors in cut-off jeans balancing cases of beer on their shoulders. Models, wives, ancient commodores and Coast Guard officers from the icebreaker *Mockmar*, which would escort the racing boats on the 333-mile voyage to the island, wandered among crews folding spinnakers a few feet from rush-hour traffic. City policemen patrolled the harbor area and paused to read such boat names as *Porcus Maximus* (the yacht bore the effigy of a pig in a Superman costume on its transom), *Rub-A-Dub, Agape, Better Life, Uber Alles* and *Odegrat II* (this boat's awning was a facsimile of a check stamped ESTABLISHED FUNDS).

Four hours after the start, drifting in light to nonexistent wind, the tops of the skyscrapers had disappeared in the gray-black smog line that followed the curve of the lakeshore to the south and east toward Gary, Ind. It was cooler and breathing was noticeably easier out on the lake as the fleet spread out to the north along the Wisconsin shoreline.

Now we are less than half a mile from Point Betsie. I can see the individual lights in the cottages near Frankfort. *Meteeor* is moving up off our port quarter. Being closer to the Point Betsie light, we should be able to maintain our lead on the broad reach from the point to the Manitow Passage, but an efficient tack here is critical. This is not to be. At one point a runaway sheet snags Jeff halfway over the leeward rail. I dive across the cockpit and grab his legs just in time to keep him from going into the water.

The tack is sloppy at best, and because of the momentum lost luffing while we freed the fouled starcut, *Meteeor* has fallen off the wind and slipped by our bow. As we settle back on course, we can hear the surge from her wake and see her white transom reflected in the moonlight as she beats down the shoreline toward Sleeping Bear Point. I'm so numb that I don't

continued

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really care. All that occurs to me is that she looks quite majestic, my elbows ache, it's past midnight and my watch is over. I stumble below, turn on the light and fall into the leeward berth the minute Eric has fumbled his way out of it. I'm uncomfortable in my foul-weather gear, but can't ruse myself to peel it off.

The flies are at work again. The forward hatch is closed and the sour stench of the head pervades the cabin. Eric is shaking me and I wake with a start. I've been dreaming of a cool, green, insect-free meadow where the ground is steady under my feet, and it takes an anxious moment for me to recall I'm in a race. Beneath my foul-weather gear I'm soaked with sweat, and my first thought is that Eric is trying to wake me for a sail change. It can't be four already, I've barely gotten to sleep. "How far to the Manitou Passage?" I ask. "We're there," he replies. He and Bill are strapping off their rubber suits, and I can see the first faint intimations of dawn through the companionway. I swing my legs over the edge of the berth and try to find a spot on the sole that isn't covered with sails, duffel bags or bodies. My left foot lands on something soft that groans like Steve and he wakes to find me standing on his stomach. I quickly grab the handrail that runs along the ceiling and swing clear.

On deck I can see the lights from Leelanau harbor and Pyramid Point against the gray-pink sky. North Manitou Island to port and an ore boat moving up on us astern. The wind has fallen off considerably and we are making 4½ knots on almost glassy water. Mike tells me that during the night we have put some "smooth moves" on *Meteor* and several other unidentified boats and left them behind and far inshore. He points back to where *Meteor's* lights were last seen. We are making excellent time and our only concern at the moment is whether the ore boat astern is going to take us to port and blanket our wind, or fall off and pass to starboard. Looking through the binoculars we can't see anyone on deck, but we are assuming that she has picked us up on her radar. She falls off, looking like a deserted city passing silently a hundred yards to starboard. I read U.S. STEEL on her stacks but can see no one on the bridge or brightly lighted decks.

Mike gives George a course of 30 degrees and goes below to get some sleep.

He has stood three continuous watches, and if it is possible to inspire by example at 4:30 a.m., we are so inspired. There is also a certain sense of bleary-eyed elation at waking to find ourselves so far ahead of *Meteor*. We are well out in the lake where the wind is, or should be, and all we have to do is maintain that advantage. I am also feeling a certain glow, knowing that I will be on Mackinac Island before nightfall enjoying a hot shower, a shave, flush toilets and a shore-cooked meal.

At 4:45 the spinnaker begins to collapse. George falls off to try and keep it filled, but there is nothing he can do. The wind is dying and our speed has fallen to two knots. A butterfly appears, carried on the remnants of the near-dawn southwest breeze. The wind dies altogether and the butterfly overtakes us. The sails fall slack and a dead alewife lingers interminably off our port beam.

George and Steve argue about how to capture a nonexistent wind, and during the next three hours we engage in a comic opera of sail changes, from starcut to blooper, blooper to drifter, drifter to tallboy, tallboy to drifter, drifter to blooper and staysail and back to starcut, but we might as well be changing our laundry. *Meteor* has picked up an inshore breeze as the sun warms the beach, and we watch her sail steadily past the pine-capped sand dunes and clear the point of land off Northport. Mackinac Island seems farther and farther away, and we all dread having to tell Mike that in the 3½ hours since he went off watch we have moved forward less than one mile.

It's beginning to seem like a drifting race, more a test of patience than sailing skill, not the kind of excitement I had pictured, and I know this isn't typical of Lake Michigan. Though they might be shocked to discover no salt in the taste of a wave breaking over the bow, few ocean sailors would dismiss the Great Lakes as a series of millponds or a safe harbor. In 1851, Herman Melville described them as "... swept by Borean and dismasting blasts as direful as any that lash the salted wave; they know what shipwrecks are, for out of sight of land, however inland, they have drowned full many a midnight ship with all its shrieking crew." I am reminded that 43 boats dropped out of the race on this leg in 1970, but not from lack of wind. When

the main body of the fleet reached Frankfort, a warm front began to move through and a moderate west-southwest wind shifted to the northwest and began blowing at 40 mph with gusts up to 60. The lake kicked up an eight-foot chop, not the rollercoaster effect of easy ocean swells but violent, short-interval, hull-jarring slaps, wrenching the boats laterally, straining the rigging and making footing almost impossible. In the six hours it took the front to move through, five boats had been dismasted and 38 others, many of them seasoned ocean racers, had sought safe harbors, suffering gear failure and crew fatigue.

A front is moving in from the south and as we drift helplessly more than 100 smaller boats, which we had left out of sight the previous day, move up on us. I imagine how terrifying it must have been for a lone British merchantman sitting in a pocket of dead air, watching the Spanish Armada closing fast on a wind off the Azores. These racing yachts out of Chicago might as well be carrying cannon for all the dread and sense of futility their approach is causing us.

With the fleet still a mile astern, Jeff spots the dark water of a wind line moving in from the west. We position the spinnaker to starboard and the dead alewife drifts astern and disappears. Now we have the bubbles of our bow wake to gauge our progress, but I almost wish the calm would have held till Mike came back on deck. It would have made it easier to explain our position.

The wind rises steadily during the morning and by noon the second of two rain squalls hits. We are reaching at a steady 7½ knots as the water pours off the mainsail. We catch and pass several Section 3 boats (one class below ours), but it is no consolation for the three hours lost drifting in the Manitou Passage. By the time we approach the cut at Grays Reef, the race has taken on the quality of an idyll. The Coast Guard has broadcast that the first boat crossed the finish line at about 8:30 that morning and we can't hope to make the island before 5:30 p.m. As we round the Grays Reef light, someone hollers down that we are the 47th boat to pass. We have given up all hope. We round the last buoy, pull in the jib, set the spinnaker and staysail with remarkable smoothness and start the last downwind leg under the Mackinac

continued



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The Mac *continued*

Bridge. Now that we have nothing to lose, we are simply enjoying the sun, the motion of the boat as she rides down the following sea, surging to 9½ knots, and the endless line of multicolored spinnakers spread out behind us.

From our angle on the water, it seems impossible that our spear will clear the bridge. The lower girders close on us as we look up through the grating at a lone car crossing with deliberate slowness. Then I see a telephoto lens protruding from the back window. I am feeling giddy and I wave to spoil the picture. We sail past the white colonnade of the Grand Hotel, which has the longest continuous porch in the world, and the ferry boat from Mackinaw City gives way to starboard as we take the gun in front of the Trogans Hotel.

I walk down Main Street feeling I have sailed to a lost continent. The pavement rocks under my legs and I am surfeited with the mingling aromas of popcorn, wedge from the numerous fudgeries for which the island is famous, and the horse manure that supplants exhaust fumes on this carless oasis. I have had a shower and feel human again, if no less exhausted. I find Mike Fisher at the bar of the Chippewa and we celebrate the unexpected good news that we have finished eighth in a class of 26. Though the race committee doesn't post overall positions, we figure we have finished 41st in a field of 244 boats. I suppress a vague impulse to make an apologetic reference to the morning's three-hour lull and instead raise my glass of gin and tonic.

There is a burst of laughter from the table behind us. A drunken orthodontist with a striped shirt, white bellbottoms and a gold ring in his right ear is yelling to the barmaid to "make hard the larboard suppers and moisten the mizzen halyards." Eventually nautical flummery overtakes everyone and I can see that the party which began three days ago in Chicago will continue through the night. I start to ask Mike about his plans for next year's race from Port Huron to Chicago, but the floor lurches under my feet and I have to grab the bar rail to steady myself. Maybe when I've had a week's rest, I'll think about crewing another race. I finish my drink, thank Mike for signing me on and wander across the street to my hotel and that uncertain country of sleep.

END

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Mike Hargrove sure does like snuff, and eats up steak and AL pitching

A good old country boy

Mike Hargrove sat amidst the big-league elegance of the Texas Ranger locker room last week, dipping snuff, sipping soda pop and showing off his new All-Star ring as though it were the prize in his first box of Crackerjacks. Despite the prosperity that comes with a .336 batting average, the favorite son of Perryton, Texas appeared more country boy than country squire. He wore faded jeans, a T-shirt, sneakers and a baseball cap. The cap was on backward, an unconscious testament to his unpretentious nature.

Like a lot of good old Texas boys, Dudley Michael Hargrove, 26, is partial to Coors beer, chicken-fried steak, country music and Western clothes. What he

does not like is plastic people and mushy movies. Growing up in Perryton, a farming and oil-drilling community in the Texas Panhandle, there was nothing he enjoyed more than Sunday dinner at his grandmother's house and a prairie dog hunt afterward. But do not confuse this with outtakes from *The Last Picture Show*. Hargrove is, after all, a college man, having graduated three years ago from Northwestern Oklahoma State in Alva, "Perryton's not desolate," he says in a raspy, lightly accented voice. "I mean, there's no tumbleweed blowing down Main Street."

Still, Hargrove has caused quite a stir there. When he won a job as a designated hitter-first baseman last year, the local radio station quickly joined the team's broadcast network. When he batted .323 and was named the Rookie of the Year, he was honored by the Chamber of Commerce. And when this year's All-Star balloting began, local supporters offered a prize of a trip to Kansas City to watch Hargrove play to the person who gave him the most votes. The winner turned in 18,000.

Hargrove is as much a phenomenon for what he has done as for what he is doing. He did not play baseball in high school because the spring air in North Texas could chill a Nolan Ryan fastball. After Texas A&M backed off its offer of a football scholarship he attended Northwestern Oklahoma on a basketball grant. It was only after his father suggested he try baseball that he took a serious interest in the sport. "I didn't want to embarrass myself," Hargrove says. "I didn't know how good I would be."

Good enough, it turned out, to lead the conference in hitting his freshman year. But not good enough to draw serious major league attention. A Chicago Cub scout told him his deficiencies were "limited range, questionable ability and age." The Cincinnati Red man watched him hit a double and a triple in a tryout game and remarked, "Son, it's too bad you're a pitcher." With that, Hargrove went off and got "drunker than a skunk."

The one bit of encouragement he did receive came from a St. Louis scout who assured him he would be picked in an early round of the 1972 draft. Instead, he was chosen in the 25th round by the Rangers, who assigned him to their rookie

team in Geneva, N.Y. To get there Hargrove invested his \$2,000 bonus in a 3-year-old car. But after batting only .267 he almost wished he had stayed home. Then he remembered his father, a contract oil pumper in Perryton. "As a kid, dad had always wanted to play ball himself," Hargrove says, "but he missed his chances to try out. Once he had pneumonia and another time he had to stay home to harvest."

The 1973 season was spent playing Class A ball in Gastonia, N.C. After opening his stance and all but eliminating his stride, he exploded to a .351 average in a league where no one else hit above .291. His financial status was such, however, that during the early cold weeks of the season he and his wife Sharon slept huddled by the stove because they could not afford heating oil. Sharon laundered the team's uniforms and towels to get money to buy gas so she could drive to the park to watch Mike play. After batting .312 in the winter instructional league, Hargrove was invited to the Rangers' camp for spring training, where he astounded even himself by hitting .486. He had hoped to spend the 1974 season in Double A. Instead he had made the big club. "If you don't like the idea," Manager Billy Martin told him, "I can change my mind."

Hargrove loved the idea; he just had a difficult time getting used to it. "Mike has not changed one iota since the first day," says Shortstop Toby Harrah. "That's something you don't often see in someone as successful as he has been."

When Hargrove met John Havlicek during the Superstars competition last winter, he says he "like to choked." On the baseball field, however, he is more at ease. He has only average speed, power and defensive ability, but his hot bat and fiery temper have made him the scourge of the league. "He'll fight at the drop of a hat," says Catcher Jim Sundberg, his roommate. Hargrove has had run-ins with Sal Bando of Oakland and Jack Brohamer of Cleveland, and when the A's Best Campaneris complained that Mike was tagging him too hard on throws to first base, Hargrove snapped, "If you're hurt, get out of the game." With that he began slapping Campaneris even harder.

This bellicosity may be an expression

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DUNLOP
THE TIRE PROS.

of Hargrove's suppressed desire to play football. Baseball seems to have won out for now, if only Martin can decide exactly what he wants to do with Hargrove. Mike began the season at first base, but has recently been in the outfield or, when a lefthander is pitching, on the bench. Martin admits that Hargrove is better suited to first and finds no fault with his performance against lefthanders, but he says personnel problems have necessitated adjustments. Hargrove prefers to play first (and every day) but he is not one to question his manager. "I don't figure I've been here long enough to talk to him about it," he says. "He's doing what he thinks is best for myself and the team."

Hargrove expresses himself at the plate where, if every piece of his uniform is in place ("I don't like distractions," he says), he can do special things. As an example, against Cleveland earlier this season he had four hits in five at bats, including two home runs. Even so, he says he is "less confident about my hitting than most people realize. I'm a lazy person basically, and it's only through my wife that I've learned how to push myself."

Sharon Hargrove has been up in the stands rooting for Mike since they started dating in Perryton 12½ years ago. Fittingly, and in keeping with the local custom, their first car date took them to the town's favorite necking spot, which happened to be a baseball field. Even when it is cold, Perryton's baseball field is good for something.

THE WEEK

(July 11-19)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Bill Madlock of the Cubs and Jon Matlack of the Mets are sound-alikes who had a lot in common last week. After the National League won the All-Star Game 6-3 Madlock and Matlack were named co-winners of the MVP trophy. Madlock earned his share by snapping a 3-all deadlock in the ninth with a two-run single, making a winner of Matlack, who pitched two shutout innings. During post-All-Star contests, both were anything but MVPs. Madlock drove in just one run as Chicago (1-3) bumbled along. Matlack was victimized 4-3 by the Braves, who were outlast 15-6, but capitalized on four errors by the Mets (2-2). Tom Seaver pursued

continued

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vered for his 14th victory, beating Atlanta 5-4.

Excellent relievers abound in this division, and once again they proved their worth. Montreal's Dale Murray, sidelined for a month by hepatitis, was back in form, giving up only six hits in 10½ innings. When the Expos (2-2) ended the Reds' 10-game winning streak, it was Murray who saved the 3-0 decision with three scoreless innings after starter Steve Rogers left because of a blistered finger. And when Montreal shocked Cincinnati again 4-2 with the help of a two-run single in the eighth by Nate Colbert, it was Murray who kept the Reds at bay to gain the win.

Another reliever who excelled was Al Hrabosky of St. Louis (2-2). Hrabosky began the week just about the way he ended the previous one. On Saturday he tossed two innings of shutout ball to notch a 2-1 verdict over the Dodgers, on Sunday he threw one scoreless inning of relief to beat the Dodgers 2-1. Ted Simmons made Hrabosky a winner again four days later by doubling home the only run in a 1-0 game at San Francisco. Hrabosky worked two more rainless innings in that contest, lowering his ERA to 1.65.

For Philadelphia (3-1) the bullpen strength was supplied by Tug McGraw and Tom Hilgendorf. McGraw was for the sixth time with the aid of Larry Bowa's aggressive base running. With the score 5-3 against the Astros in the bottom of the 11th, Bowa went from first to third on a sacrifice bunt, then scampered home when the throw to third was wild. Hilgendorf, a 33-year-old re-treaded re-tread who had a 4.84 ERA last year for Cleveland, gave up just two hits in 3½ innings as the Phillies overcame the Astros 7-4. That gave Hilgendorf a 1.65 ERA and 25½ straight scoreless innings.

Both of Pittsburgh's wins in a 2-2 week were attributable to reliever Dave Giusti, the victor in one game and the savior in another. Six home runs also were vital as Dave Parker bopped his 16th and 17th and Willie Stargell his 18th.

PIT 37-34 PHIL 33-40 NY 46-42
ST. L. 43-46 CHI 43-53 MONT 37-40

NL WEST Atlanta raced to a 5-4 win over Montreal, San Diego ambled past Chicago 2-1 and Cincinnati grapevined its way around New York 5-3. Darrell Evans made the Braves (2-2) a winner, speeding from first to third on Mike Lum's single in the 14th and while the Expos tried to catch Lum going to second, scooting home with the deciding run. The Padres (3-1) got just one hit against the Cubs, but it did not figure in the scoring; they squeezed out two runs when Steve Stone issued five walks in the sixth. Pete Rose of the Reds (2-2), seeking advice on how to hit against rookie Rick Baldwin of the Mets, got

some tips from Greg Luzinski and Larry Bowa of the Phillies. Thus forearmed, Rose cracked a two-run single off Baldwin in the seventh to knock in the go-ahead run.

Through 94 games the Dodgers (1-3) have scored 109 fewer runs than last year, but they managed to beat the Pirates 4-3 when Manny Mota's pinch double drove in two runs.

John Montefusco won twice for the Giants (3-1), who also knocked off the Cardinals 2-1 on a 10th-inning single by Chris Speier. Statistics from Houston (1-3) were negative: the Astros were shut out for the 11th time (1-0 by Larry Christenson of the Phillies) and lost their seventh extra-inning game in nine tries, 6-5 to Philadelphia.

CIN 63-31 LA 33-44 SF 43-48
SD 43-38 ATL 40-38 HOU 33-63

AL EAST Elrod Hendricks of Baltimore (4-1) underwent tests for a possible ulcer, but his robust slugging may have left opposing pitchers with stomach disorders of their own. Hendricks, who was not permitted to eat for two days because of the examinations, feasted on the Twins. He settled 6-3 and 9-6 victories with a three-run homer in the 12th inning of the first encounter and a grand slam in the next. Lastly, Hendricks drove in two runs in a 5-1 conquest of the A's. Also dispensing his share of indignation was Lee May, who blasted four home runs.

Since dropping into a tie for first two weeks earlier, Boston has won 11 of 12 and apped to a 6½-game lead over Milwaukee. Last week the Red Sox (4-0) ran their winning streak to 10 games, during which they scored 82 runs. In holding off Texas 7-5, Boston got four RBIs from Fred Lynn and five hits from Carl Yastrzemski. When the Sox throttled the Royals 8-3 and 9-3, they got four RBIs from Cecil Cooper in the first contest and had five batters get two hits apiece in the second. Rick Wise won his 11th and 12th games, tossing a shutout against Texas, which was hardly necessary as the Sox piled up their usual eight runs.

When asked about the bead necklace he wears, George Scott of Milwaukee answered, "These are second basemen's teeth." But last week the Brewers (1-3) played as if they had ropes around their necks that were keeping them from scoring. In all, they produced five runs. But the two they got for Jim Stanton were sufficient as he blanked California.

The Yankees (1-3) had the distinction of being the home team in Minnesota, where they concluded a game suspended in New York the week before with the score 6-6 after 14 innings. RBI singles by Graig Nettles and Lou Piniella in the bottom of the 16th gave the Yankees an 8-7 triumph.

Detroit (3-2) outscrambled Cleveland (1-4) for fifth place. Lerrin LaGrew of the Tigers beat the White Sox 9-1, and John Hil-

ler recorded his 12th and 13th saves. Cleveland had to be content with tying a league mark for consecutive wins at an opponent's park, taking its 13th in a row over three seasons in California 8-7.

BS 33-37 MIL 47-44 NY 46-44
BAL 46-44 DET 41-46 CLE 40-32

AL WEST Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and Oakland's Sal Bando had close shaves. With Charlie Finley of the A's leading a movement to unseat Kuhn, it seemed major league owners would vote against renewing his contract. Then came the showdown, and Kuhn narrowly mustered enough support to be voted in for another seven-year term. Bando shaved off the mustache he had worn for four years, a desperation move he hoped would somehow lift him out of a season-long slump that had mired his batting average barely above .200. In the next three games Bando went 1 for 10 and tried to keep a stiff—and clean-shaven—upper lip. Nonheheas, Oakland (3-2) got two wins from Ken Holtzman (Nos. 11 and 12) and opened a 10-game chase between itself and Kansas City.

Everything seemed to be out of date in Kansas City. The pitching was abominable (30 earned runs in four games, all losses), the fielding was shoddy (seven errors) and the offense was sporadic.

Superlative pitching kept Chicago (4-1) on the go. Wilbur Wood, an early season dud with 13 defeats, blanked Milwaukee 5-0 and Detroit 4-0 on a total of five singles to raise his record to 8-13. Also coming through with a shutout was Jim Kaat, who muffed the Tigers 4-0 for his 14th win. And reliever Rich Gossage allowed just two hits in 3½ innings, picking up his 14th save in a 4-2 decision over the Brewers.

Ferguson Jenkins and Gaylord Perry of Texas (2-2) frustrated New York batters. In successive 7-2 and 1-0 victories they held the Yankees to just seven hits.

Nolan Ryan, Ed Figueroa and Frank Tanana of the Angels (3-2) all pitched well enough to win. Two of them did: Ryan did not, losing 2-0 to Milwaukee for his seventh loss in a row. Figueroa's four-hitter stymied the Brewers 6-1, and Tanana started a doubleheader sweep of the Indians with an 8-0 verdict in which he struck out eight and took the league lead—151 in 134½ innings.

Minnesota (1-3) plopped into the cellar, its only win coming when Jim Hughes staggered past New York 2-1 despite nine walks. The Twins might not have won that game had it not been for an odd ruling that deprived Thurman Munson of an RBI and a hit—the pen on his bat extended beyond the allowable 18 inches above the handle.

OAK 37-34 KC 47-44 CHI 43-48
TEX 43-30 CAL 43-33 MINN 40-31

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Breezing in at the Open

Gritty Sandra Palmer overcame 30-mph winds, mower-busting rough and hard-baked greens to score a four-stroke victory at Atlantic City

In the town that Monopoly made famous and on a course that nature made impossible, the U.S. Women's Open was played last week. Actually, misplayed might be a better way to put it, since by the time Sandra Palmer walked off with her four-stroke victory, the Atlantic City Country Club course had been thoroughly buffeted and bogeyed. It was the week the wind blew off Mary down.

Although Atlantic City is not quite the place it was when the Parker Brothers put this New Jersey resort on the game board, it remains a good spot for a respite from July concrete. But for the golfers there was no summer vacation as they fought par throughout the tournament. The Open rough always is thick, and this year it was especially dense with eight

straight days of rain falling before the event. It grew and grew, and Green Superintendent Doug Fraser broke two hand mowers giving it a trim.

Atlantic City C.C. had been the site of two previous Opens. The first, in 1948, was won by Babe Zaharias with a score of 300. The 1965 champion, Carol Mann, finished 10 strokes better, and last week there were high expectations for even lower scores, since Debbie Massey recently had shot a course-record 65 on her way to winning the Eastern Amateur there.

But no one figured on the wind, which gusted up to 35 mph. Most players did not pass Go, most did not collect \$200. Most felt as if they had been run over by the Reading Railroad. Each morning they peeked out of their motel windows to see the wind bend back the branches and knew it would be another long day. The breezes dried the greens, then the sun baked them to the hardness of biscuits. The course was listed at only 6,165 yards, but it played as if it was 10 miles long, because the wind came from the south, the direction Club President Leo Fraser says makes his layout toughest to play. To score pars, the golfers needed perfect wood shots that put them in range to chip; if they had to hit to the greens with their longer irons, their shots ricocheted off the crusty putting surfaces and bounced away toward Marvin Gardens.

The week before the Open, Mann had won at Columbus, Ohio with seven straight birdies and a 29 for nine holes. In her first nine at Atlantic City she shot a deplorable 45, finished the round with an 84 and missed the cut, Jan Ferraris, who had been the runner-up in her two previous tournaments, also missed the cut, as did three-time Open champ Susie Berning. The golfers were pulling the trigger but coming up blank. "You can't be in diapers and play this course," said Jo Ann Prentice. She, too, missed the cut.

As Sally Little proved, it was the type

of tournament where a golfer could score 80 in the first round and be tied for the lead two days later. It was an Open in which halfway leader Sandra Post could shoot a third-round 76 and still share a spot atop the leader board.

Some of the golfers up there with Post were as unfamiliar as last year's astronauts. Particularly for amateur Nancy Lopez and professional Diane Patterson, this Open turned out to be a good one; it helped them erase some of their identity problems.

Lopez (SI, Aug. 13, 1973) is only 38 years old and recently graduated from high school. She finished 18th in the Open last year and won the U.S. Girls' Junior Championship in 1972. At Atlantic City she had a first-round 73 that put her one stroke behind leader Judy Rankin, then was tied at the midway point with Post and was never out of contention thereafter, finishing tied for second with a 299 total.

Lopez has the strength of a low-handicap male golfer and refreshing innocence. She speaks in a little girl's singsong voice and has an endearing, sincere attitude. She went around smiling and wearing earrings and Indian jewelry, and kept saying things like, "I hope my daddy comes to watch me play," and "The \$8,000 prize would be nice, but I'd like to have the trophy, too," and "I hate my three-wood, so I don't use it." She also kept the long-distance lines busy, talking to her parents back home, before they flew up to watch the final round.

Her sister Delma and brother-in-law Bernie Guevara followed her around, taking home movies during her practice sessions. Lopez grew up playing golf on a public course in Roswell, N.M. She was taught the game by her father, Domingo, the owner of an auto body shop. He wants her to turn professional, but she has decided to attend Tulsa University on a golf scholarship. The fans found Lopez so enchanting that they applauded whenever she entered the clubhouse.

Patterson had never played golf until eight years ago, when she was 24, and the only tournament she has ever won was a Pacific Telephone Company Women's Golf Championship. She worked at the phone company for three years while sharpening her game enough to join the pro tour. Before that, she was a college tennis player and a circus trapeze artist, and once tried rodeo bull riding. Patterson



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son also has broken quarter horses, high-dived 70 feet from an oil derrick and ridden motorcycles.

She joined the tour in 1971, shot a lot of 80s, subsisted on cheeseburgers and gradually learned the game. This is the first year she has earned enough—\$5,976—to stay ahead of the bill collectors. After shooting a 74 in the second round at the Open, she trailed by only two strokes. She finished 79-79 and fell back to 16th place, but remained happy. "It sure beats the telephone company," she said.

Patterson's shortcoming was the same one encountered by the rest of the field: an inability to keep the ball in the fairway. Following a shaky start during which she went four over par after five holes, Judy Rankin settled down and took the first-round lead. Still she was cautious. "I'm not strong enough to hit the ball out if I get in the rough," she said. Rankin was prophetic. After the opening round, she often found herself off the fairways and finished 77-79-76.

Sandra Post has become expert at hitting the ball where she wants it. When she came on the tour seven years ago and immediately defeated Kathy Whitworth in a playoff for the LPGA Championship, she was better around the greens than she was with her irons and woods. In the last few years she has improved the longer phases of her game, and it was no surprise when she shared the second day lead with a 147.

Post sometimes has been a tumorous leader, and indeed she edged up to a 76 on the third round. "I played better than that," she said. "I hit the ball pretty good." Considering the distractions, she may have been right. The wind blew down a tent and a pole conked a volunteer worker on the head. Also a joy-riding airplane pilot kept dive-bombing the course.

Post's 76 enabled a horde of players to jump into contention. Little and Palmer tied her for the 54-hole lead, and 14 other players were within five shots.

For Palmer, who scored a 71 in the

third round, merely pulling even with Post represented quite a comeback. She had opened the tournament with a dismal 78, and even a 74 on the second day had brought her no closer to the lead than five strokes. Only Berning in 1972 had gotten off to a worse start and recovered to win an Open.

"I was really struggling," Palmer said. "When you get in the rough here you have no chance. All you can do is pray a lot. You have to try to make pars and hope every once in a while you make a birdie. Every hole is a struggle."

It was the rest of the field that struggled during another gusty round on Sunday while Palmer, who had five birdies and an equal number of bogeys, was never more than a stroke above par. She cinched her victory with a four on the 483-yard, par-5 14th, and coasted the rest of the way to her \$8,044 check. That raised the LPGA's leading money-winner's 1975 total to \$64,932, easily enough to buy a hotel on Boardwalk and get in out of the wind.

END

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RENDOR (RIGHT) AND HIS RECORD SHARK

According to a scientist at the Mote Marine Laboratory in Sarasota, the offshore waters of Florida have the heaviest year-round shark population in the world, yet few Florida seacoast towns try to capitalize on the fact. But Jacksonville is not reticent about promoting its "natural resources." Newspapers and TV stations regularly run stories about shark fishermen and their catches, and the Chamber of Commerce magazine has even had an article on the subject, featuring illustrations of the sharks caught on nearby beaches.

But Jacksonville has always been something of a maverick city. On one

Hell for the hammers

Off Jacksonville most of the jawing is done by thirsty shark fishermen

hand, it has a symphony orchestra, considerable wealth and a number of major industries. On the other, it is a port city, a border city, a tough city where overalls are a favorite Christmas present, country-music bottle clubs abound and shark-fishing clubs flourish.

Around Jacksonville macho posers with shirts opened down to brass-belt huckles and boots that strike sparks off the sidewalk don't cut it. Shark fishermen do. So it figures that given this much interest some of those fishermen would have themselves a little tournament, sponsored by the Florida Shark Club, the oldest and largest in the country.

But this year, when the big sharks were weighed and measured, the club was not pleased. A skinny 47-year-old contractor named H. B. (Blackie) Reisor had won with a 14'4" hammerhead weighing 703 pounds, which, if certified by the IGT-A, will beat the current all-tackle record by almost 300 pounds. But Blackie is a member of the Jacksonville Beach Shark Club, whose members usually fish from a pier rather than boats. Moreover, second place went to Joy Simmons, a 24-year-old woman who brought in a 9'8½" bull shark weighing 477 pounds. Its girth—4'10½"—measured an inch more than Mrs. Simmons' height.

The contest was hardly more than 12 hours old when I climbed into a boat with Al Wilshire early Friday morning at Monty's Marina. Al is a 32-year-old railroad auditor and former president of the Florida Shark Club. In spite of the hour he had a beer in his hand and a smile on his face. "The tournament got off to a good start," he said. "Lots of folks went to the beach last night, opened up the beer, set out poles and started prying for rough weather so the sharks wouldn't interfere with their drinking."

Half an hour later the boat slid to a stop in the clear offshore waters and we dropped anchor. Al slapped a two-pound

hunk of bonito on back-to-back tuna hooks, eased overboard the one-pound sinker followed by 15 feet of troller cable serving as a leader, paused to slip two inflated balloons over the hip of a marlin snap, then watched as the wind carried the balloons and bait across a reef. The balloons were 200 yards away when he snubbed the 130-pound-test line that was free-spooling off his 10-0 reel and jerked the rod over his head, popping loose the balloons and dropping the bonito to the bottom. Then he reeled in about 15 feet so the leader would not snarl, set the clicker, opened another beer, turned on the portable radio to catch the Firecracker 400 at Daytona and started talking.

"O.K., shark. Let's have some communion in the ocean. Grab ahold of that hunk of meat." He turned around to tell me, "Went to the slaughterhouse and tried to get us five gallons of beef blood to use for chum. But nowadays they're using it to give a little color to those fat-burgers and wouldn't let me have any." Then he strapped on a custom-padded fighting belt. "Lordy mercy, can't forget this. Got to have my hurt plate on. I catch a shark without this thing, and I'll have an instant hernia."

"This is the hammerhead hole. Yes, sir. They are here." Al paused, took a swallow of beer and added, "Don't fall overboard, 'cause if you do it'll be cryin' time again." Another sip of beer. "Definitely."

By then I had baited my hook, hallooned it out and was dazing in the hot midmorning sun. It must have been an hour later when, with no warning, the clicker sounded off.

"Ooooooh. He's gone over the hull," Al said. "He has flat gone the other way. Set the hook. That's a hammer sure a. I'm setting here."

I put the rod into the hurt plate, released the clicker, tightened the drag and popped the rod over my shoulder to set the hook. Four times I pulled the shark to the surface, and each time he would sound and vimp off several hundred yards of line as easily as if the reel were on free spool. His endurance and strength were awesome. Half an hour later the shark finally came to the rear of the boat. Al grabbed the leader, put a belt through the loop at the top and tied it to a cleat. "That will hold him until I lay the bang stick on him. Geena put the big hurt on

revised

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FISHING *continued*

the big hammer." He loaded a 12-gauge shotgun shell into the bang stick, leaned over the side and jammed it behind the head of the shark. The 10-foot beast shuddered once and went limp. "Excedrin headache No. 36. Got him in his nervous cord."

A few moments later Al's reel sang out and, after another half hour of fighting and down-home chatter, a second hammerhead was brought to the boat. It weighed 196 pounds, 34 more than mine. We tied their tails to the stern and began the long ride back to the marina, where we found Joy Simmons had already weighed in her 477-pound bull.

The next morning, while I was waiting for Al at the marina, a blue pickup truck, horn blaring, came roaring to the weigh station. "Man, you ain't gonna believe what we got in here," somebody yelled. The rear gate of the pickup dropped and a great sickle tail plopped to the cement.

A short, slight man jumped from the cab, a rod with a reel as big as a bushel basket clasped in his hand. It was Blackie Reaser, still wearing a leather fighting harness and carrying a large knife on either hip. "All these people in the Florida Shark Club are always giving me a hard time," he said. "They said the old man couldn't do it. Well, the old man got his baby."

After the hammer was weighed and measured, Blackie and an entourage of teen-age assistants piled into the pickup, took their shark back to their own turf—the pier—and began posing for photographs and recounting the hour-and-20-minute battle to land the fish.

It was a bad way to start the day for members of the sponsoring club. Last year their tournament had been won by a shark caught from the beach, and it appeared that it might happen again.

Pretty soon Al Wiltshire waved to me from a 40-foot sport fisherman loaded with the Florida Shark Club's heaviest hitters. "Come on," he hollered. "We're going back to the hammerhead hole and beat that little ole baitfish."

Three hours after we anchored there had not been a run. I awakened from a nap, looked down from the flying bridge and saw Al walking around mumbling. "We in the hammer hole. We gonna get 'em today. Yesur."

Chick Morton, one of the club's other big guns, leaned over his reel, slapped it hard and said, "I'm gonna take you

continued

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FISHING

home and beat hell out of you if you don't catch me a fish." Seconds later the reel began shrieking. Then it became silent.

"Lost him," Chuck said, reeling in the slack. His hooks were bare.

He was ballooning out another piece of bonito when a heavy green shape cruised under the boat. "Big shark heading for the bait," I shouted from the bridge. The shark changed gears even as I watched. With a flick of its tail it shot toward the drifting bait, circled it once on the surface, disappeared and then ripped into the bonito. It was an hour before Chick brought him to the stern, a 10'3" tiger weighing 331 pounds. The bang stick was not long enough to reach the shark because of the big boat's freeboard, so it was zapped with two blasts from a shotgun.

As we rode back I asked Gordon Gould, owner of the boat but a novice shark fisherman, what he thought of this style of fishing. "It's dull," he replied. "You throw out the bait and sit for hours. I like to troll for marlin and sailfish, but there's nothing of the esthetic here. It's just muscle against muscle."

Sunday, last day of the tournament. The sharks were at Monty's by 10 a.m., grumbling about the 1 p.m. opening for beer sales. Around 12:30 Chick said, "Let's all put our watches ahead 30 minutes, then go in there and tell them we want some beer. They won't think we're all wrong."

Tom Hurst, another club member, pointed out a bushy-haired young man across the dock. "There's old Wayne over there," he said. "He cuts the hearts out of sharks while they are still pumping and eats them. When he slaps them in his mouth, you can see them jumping in his cheek. He ate seven one day. Does it just to gross out people."

By midafternoon both beer and talk were flowing fast. A hopeful flurry for the sponsoring club came at about 4 p.m. with the news that someone had just called on the radio and was coming through the jetty with a 15'1" tiger weighing about 800 pounds.

When the tournament was over, the 15'1" tiger had never appeared and Blackie's victory was assured. But even he was upstaged by Joy Simmons, who hopped into the kayak she had won as a prize for finishing second, and then paddled around the marina as almost seven tons of shark started decaying on the bulkhead.

END

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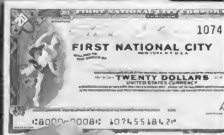
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NO DEATH FOR A SALESMAN

College sport is in danger of being killed, a victim of murderously high costs. But Athletic Director Don Canham peddles "enjoyment" as he once did socks and has little trouble footing Michigan's whopping bill

by **FRANK DEFORD**

If intercollegiate athletics were sold on Wall Street, IA would be down 100 points and the Securities and Exchange Commission would have suspended trading. Compared to intercollegiate athletics, New York City is on Easy Street. At a time when private colleges are folding right and left, when almost any teaching vacancy draws hundreds of applications, when the glorious dormitories built to accommodate the baby boom stand empty and unpaid for, when the taxpayers and the legislatures won't put out a penny more for science laboratories or classroom light bulbs—well, where do you think that leaves intercollegiate athletics, games?

Not only are these especially trying times for academia, but college sport has unique problems. Women, ignored for so long, have demanded a piece of the action and seemingly have been given half of it by the Title IX provisions laid down by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Considering how they can't even pay the men's bills, many members of the

continued

National Collegiate Athletic Association think that women have obtained 50% of nothing. Reflect on the problems.

The pros have robbed colleges of fans, revenue and attention, and, at least in basketball, of star players as well.

Previously, athletic departments had what they referred to as "the student body" in their pockets. The student body, a whimpering little Milquetoast, was supposed to fork over student fees to support the big-time sports played by an elite of hired hands known euphemistically as "student-athletes" (although, as Gwen Verdon used to sing, "with the emphasis on the latter"). Saturdays, the student body was supposed to throng the dilapidated stadium and pay more money to cheer its heroes on. Now, the student body would rather watch the Kansas City Chiefs play Sundays on TV, and with its student fees wants recreational opportunities of its own: tennis courts, ice rinks, bowling alleys, intramurals, and so on.

Recruiting, a damn-fool apparatus to begin with, is now completely out of hand and threatening to turn into a Doodson Machine. Everybody cheats; well, everybody-but-me cheats, and gee, I might have to start cheating soon because everybody-but-me cheats.

The stadiums built in the 1920s are falling apart, and they can't be patched with summer jobs for linebackers at a buck-fifty an hour—unions!

There are not enough rock stars and ice shows in creation to play in the new arena and help pay off the interest (never mind reduce the principal) on that building, which was constructed in 1967 for \$22.5 million when the Dow-Jones was fast on its way to the elusive 3,000 barrier.

Also, as always, you're supposed to win every game, no matter what.

Over this debris presides the beloved athletic director, who all too often is what he traditionally was: a wonderful old fellow, so dang beloved that everyone puts up with his pipe and his run-on nostalgia, which consists mostly of Pudge Heffelfinger stories. He is, of course, the former football coach, *dean of gridiron mentors* in his area, which is why his office is decorated entirely with team photos, half-inflated pigskins with winning scores against State U. painted on them, and goalpost slivers. When not smoking his pipe and doing more choruses of the Pudge Heffelfinger stories, the beloved athletic director spends mornings drinking coffee, afternoons cheering on the wrestling team and spare moments calling up other beloved athletic directors to schedule football games for 1997. Soon it is quarter to four and time to call it another day.

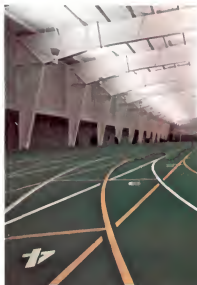
Because of these factors, something like 90% of all U.S. college athletic departments are losing money. And every indication is that it will get worse before it gets lots worse. The panic is on. Take your pick: Vermont has given up football, the first state university to do so. Big colleges like Syracuse and Kansas State have dropped some sports altogether and eliminated scholarships in others. And the Ivy

League, richest of them all, has cut back on coaching staffs, reduced trips and training meals and, just like everybody else, been caught cheating.

The situation is deteriorating so rapidly that for the second time in its long, august history the NCAA has felt obliged to call a special conference, in Chicago next month. Substantive rule changes are routinely anticipated. Already, the NCAA investigating staff has been upped from three to eight to stop everybody-but-me from cheating (with \$25 members, the NCAA could do with a lot more gumshoes), and even such venerated X'n'O men as Darrell Royal and Joe Paterno have blown some hot air into that old one-platoon trial balloon.

Anyway, it just ain't never going to be the same again. The president of Long Beach State, who woke up one morning to find that his athletic department was on its way to making the *Guinness Book of World Records* for being naughty, says (only somewhat facetiously) that it is no longer a question as to who can make the Top Ten but whether there will be 10 left. Certainly, unless the football coaches union, beloved division, can do something about it quick, there just aren't going to be any of those cushy little schedule-maker athletic director jobs left to grow old in.

Which brings us to Don Canham, late of a multimillion-dollar five-company conglomerate known as Don Canham Enterprises, but for the last seven years head of the athletic



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES GRAY

department of the University of Michigan, which might best be known, rather like a detergent, as the New! Improved! Don Canham Enterprises. If intercollegiate athletics has any future whatsoever, it is with men like Canham.

Myself, I have been to Ann Arbor; I have seen the future, and it breaks even.

Don Canham is an entrepreneur. He was the track coach at Michigan for 19 years, but that was more on the order of a sideline. Says his good friend Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, "As long as you had your golf clubs, coaching track was one of the great professions of this country." Or, as Canham says, "Coaches had a lot of time in those days." With his time, and a \$250 nut, Canham started his own little company. It bears considerable resemblance to Topsy. For the sake of propriety, he agreed to put the business in trust when he took the AD job and to change the name from Don Canham Enterprises to School Tech, Inc., but he still feels that the university had no inkling of the magnitude of his sideline, believing it was some mom-and-pop garage outfit that made pin money for the track coach. As it was, when Canham first looked over the athletic department financial records with Fritz Crisler, the outgoing AD, Canham said, "Fritz, whaddaya say we put the athletic department in trust and work School Tech?"

School Tech makes athletic training movies and manufactures more than 200 recreational items, from playground



In step with the times, the AD is building sports halls for students.

Canham is a man of radical designs: his track-and-tennis facility.




equipment to—oh, well, it really doesn't matter what to, because what School Tech doesn't make itself it distributes. Just to take one example, it has \$100,000 in Voit balls lying about the warehouse. You want stopwatches, field-hockey sticks, starters' guns, dart boards, you call up School Tech. It resembles nothing less than the biggest fence this side of the Naples docks. The enterprise is on its way to a record \$6 million in sales this year, and even if Canham doesn't run the shop anymore, his family owns it. As he points out in the nicest way possible, he doesn't have to depend on the \$38,000 that Michigan pays him annually; unlike a lot of athletic directors, he can do things his way.

When Crisler announced his retirement in 1968, Canham, then 49, didn't apply for the job; he assumed it would be awarded as a sinecure to some old football coach. Indeed, Canham is not much of a sports fan and was ready to get out of athletics altogether when some of his fellow coaches urged him to ask for the AD position. The new Michigan president, Robben Fleming, selected him almost immediately. "I think that anybody who is good at what he does can do other things," Canham says. "Coaching is a young man's racket. The Woody Hayeses are exceptions. I'd lost my zest for it myself. I mean, how many times can you work with a high jumper?

"Nowadays I have little to do with athletics per se. The

continued



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SALESMAN *continued*

thing I do least, hanging around the locker room, is what people assume I do most. I spend at least 50% of my time working on finances. Then all the legal stuff, unions, maintenance, marketing. I figured I would take a few years of it, but frankly, now I'm obsessed with this job. You've got to be so creative. They're going to have to drag me out of here."

Next year the University of Michigan will have an athletic budget of \$4.5 million, more than twice what it was when Canham took over. Almost surely, that is the largest athletic budget in the country, although different accounting procedures make it difficult to tell for certain. In its case, the Michigan athletic department pays all its own bills; it is a legal entity separate from the university, able to borrow money on its own hook. Also invest. (It has substantial profits since it does not have to pay for intramurals, which are bankrupting athletic departments elsewhere.) With a 101,701-seat football stadium and an average game attendance in the 90,000 range (from 67,000 when Canham took the job), tickets are being sold all the time. A large part of Canham's job is investing the proceeds. "Every other day you've got to do something with it," he says with some exasperation, rather as if it were like having to empty the ashtrays. Of course, you can't blow the Ohio State advance on the fifth-race exacta at Hazel Park, but Canham is not afraid to scout around for a little edge. At present, much of the 1975 University of Michigan football season earnings are in commercial paper.

The main point, as Canham once instructed no less than *The New York Times*, is that a modern athletic director has to "hustle like a whore on Main Street." This assessment has not always sat well with those old beloveds. It is even assumed that the surprise Big Ten vote two years ago that denied Michigan the Rose Bowl bid tilted to Ohio State because of a few anti-Canham ballots.

But quite apart from being a visionary, Canham is a pragmatist. He is a power within the Establishment, the NCAA, which he unabashedly calls "our salvation," and he is a confidant of Byers, whom he identifies as "one of the brightest little sons of bitches around." Although Canham may have offended some of the old guard, he is the reigning guru on athletic liquidity for colleges through-

out the nation. Twenty-eight universities have either paid Canham's way to their campus to discuss their problems or sent a representative to sit and learn at the feet of the master in Ann Arbor. The last college to turn to Canham was Yale. Oh, yes, it's happening in the best of families.

Canham leans back in his chair. His office is decorated with landscapes, a token amount of Michigan blue and yellow, but not a smidgen of jock memorabilia. "I tell you, I'd like to go into Yale right now," he says to Will Perry, the sports information director, who functions as his right arm. "Whaddaya say, Will?" Canham's eyes gleam as he talks about the couple of million putative Bulldog fans living in Connecticut, a veritable Fertile Crescent stretching from Stamford to New Haven to Hartford, with no indigenous pro competition and a huge stadium there for the filling. The idea, Canham keeps trying to tell Yale and any other college that will listen, is to get the fannies in the seats—alumni fannies, student fannies, townie fannies, *putting fannies*.

Suddenly, as if moved by a vision, Canham leaps to his feet and leaves his office. This mystically inspired locomotion occurs periodically throughout the day. What it is, Canham is trying to cut down on his smoking, so his secretary keeps his cigarettes and it takes real initiative every time he wants to light up. Unfortunately, the system breaks down somewhat as the day wears on, and Canham begins to squirrel away extra cigarettes. This time he brings back two.

"We've lost a whole generation of fans to the pros," he declares. "The schools just sat back and watched the pros take them. It was not dignified for us to take advertising space. We were supposed to get by just by mailing out the same drab brochures to the same alumni year after year."

Canham's brochures have been compared (favorably or unfavorably, depending upon how the observer views Florida land-development brochures) to Florida land-development brochures. The Michigan mailing goes to 1.2 million homes, a large-sized, glossy, eight-page color folder that Canham manages to produce—design, write, print, mail, the works—for a little more than 2¢ apiece. He pulls this off by selling one

page in the brochure to an outside advertiser, and using two other pages to peddle through mail orders all manner of Wolverine bnc-a-brac: doormats, playing cards, books, ashtrays, lamps shaped like football helmets and pocketbooks shaped like footballs and basketballs. Will Perry once made the mistake of offering bumper stickers at two bits apiece. "Not one for a quarter," Canham chastised him, "four for a dollar." The citizens of the great state of Michigan are now schooled in the concept that bumper stickers can only be purchased in lots of four.

Canham tossed dignity to the winds by flying an airplane with an advertising trailer over Tiger Stadium in Detroit. He has thrown up billboards; proselytized at high schools ("62,000 Youths Watched Michigan Football Last Fall—Were Your Students There?"); advertised in the regional editions of the major newsweeklies, and in Michigan newspapers. When Ohio State boasted a few years back that it was sold out for the season, Canham spent \$400 for an ad in a Toledo paper that resulted in 56,000 worth of Michigan tickets being sold in Ohio and eventually led to a Toledo radio station joining the Wolverine network, a dagger in the Buckeye back.

He made \$250,000 for Michigan football by promoting a pro football exhibition, forcing embarrassed NFL officials thereafter to avoid promoters who try to make more than either of the teams. Canham even prints tickets with different scenes on them—the most beautiful and expensive football tickets in the nation, he says—because he figures people will save the stubs for scrapbooks, providing Michigan with an insidious kind of advertising. He put tennis courts in the middle of the indoor track and rents them out by the hour. He turns a tidy sum by making sure that just the right concessions are available on the golf course.

There is very little that Don Canham does not take into consideration, and that, indeed, is the first mark of a promoter: concern for the tiniest detail while retaining the broadest vision. In sports, both college and pro, the worst promoters invariably threaten, talk about how fans should support a team. The best in the business, going all the way back to Cash and Carry Pyle, right along

through Bill Veeck to Pat Williams of the 76ers and Chuck Lang at Philco, understand that sports is primarily just a game, fun, and that their hustle is a game, too.

Canham resembles promoters in other respects as well. In the inflection of his speech, especially when it goes into overdrive and becomes patter, Canham sounds exactly like Bill Riordan, Jimmy Connors' tennis Barnum. And he pays close attention to his appearance, for which he has been rewarded by being placed several times on the *Football News'* best-dressed list. He is given to boots and soft-white loafers, with snappy suits, which he buys in batches. Canham offsets these fashionable duds with something of a flashback hairdo, a curly wethead, parted high, with a good old DA brush in the rear.

Although he was the NCAA high-jump champion in 1940 (at 6' 6 1/4"), business has always been Canham's preoccupation. "Don's always been attuned to the economy," Walter Byers says. "He has a gut feeling for it." Canham's grandfather was a businessman and his father a well-known magazine illustrator, so Canham received early instruction at home in both merchandising and advertising. At Michigan he first turned a pretty penny by buying sweat socks at 8¢ a pair and selling them at fraternities for five for a dollar. Soon, he was peddling more expensive garments and pointing toward business school. The war delayed that, and since the Air Force made him a track coach, he sort of followed the line of least resistance and took up that vocation after his discharge. It was during this phase of his life that Canham and a would-be football assistant named George Allen went into business together selling a rubber stamp that came complete with all the O's, so that football coaches didn't have to draw 11 O's but could just stamp out formations. It was a big mover, that stamp. The partnership folded when Mrs. Canham typed a letter that led to Allen's first job; there but for the grace of God stays Sonny Jurgensen.

Canham is a one-thing-leads-to-another fellow. As a spinoff from his coaching, he turned out a bunch of best-selling how-to manuals, and then a film. His first company grew from that. When the Iron Curtain began to part in 1954, as the Russians prepared for the Melbourne Olympics, Canham struck into their lock-

continued

er room with a Finnish ID card and ended up as the first American confidant of the Reds. This was hot stuff in those days, Stanley-back-from-Livingstone. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED bought and ran Canham's first-person account. He was the Olympic coach for Kenya and Uganda and an adviser all over, Jamaica and Scandinavia as well as Africa. In Michigan, his Wolverine teams were Big Ten powers, even though he never could get a women's track squad going: no interest.

Only in America: Canham's son grew up to be a track coach. His daughter grew up to be one of Michigan's first pempson girls.

It is important to keep in mind that Canham's success not only came during severe financial times, but at an institution that is fairly conservative. Before 1974 it was considered unseemly for a girl to lend Michigan football cheers. Only in the last decade have coeds been permitted to enter the Michigan Union through the front door. At first the faculty squealed in protest at Canham's hard sell. The students, especially back in the Vietnam days when they were certified 100% idealists, castigated him for all his money talk and pilloried him for not giving them a share of his profits for intramurals. Yet many of these same students waited in line for two days to buy season football tickets.

Michigan prides itself more on belonging to the academic elite of American schools than on being a football power, which it has been since the 1890s. President Fleming is as suspicious of big-time college athletics as he is enthusiastic about "their general contribution to a whole college." He is opposed to post-season games that take up too much study time, and so that there will be no conceivable ambiguity, he personally addresses his coaches every so often on the matter of cheating: *better not*.

The point is that Don Canham did not come into some backwater adult kindergarten with a license to steal a winter out of junior high ghettos with laundered "booster club" money. If hard-nosed marketing and carnival ballyhoo can be tolerated at Michigan, then those methods should be accepted anywhere. On the other hand, being with a winner, working a ballyhoo with an attractive product, has made Canham's job that much easier. For all the clever and progressive things

he has done, what would have been the results had these same schemes been tried at places like Iowa or Northwestern, traditional Big Ten football potshots?

The Canham Michigan success formula simply cannot be applied on a cosmic basis. Take, for example, the matter of alumni giving. When Canham came in, the Michigan athletic department was attracting only \$46,000 a year in alumni gifts. The figure is now up to \$300,000 and rising. Since Michigan has the most graduates in the nation, more than 200,000, and since a smaller state university like North Carolina pulls in \$1 million for sports from its alumni, it is obvious that Michigan can tap its old boys for even more. But all this depends on the won-lost record.

Says Bob Foreman, president of the Michigan Alumni Association, "In 16 cities, we have alumni groups that watch Michigan game films every week during the fall. Most colleges are delighted if they can get an alumni club to meet twice a year. But I don't kid myself, and neither does Don: they're not coming out to watch any team go 3-8." Nor are they going to give to a 3-8 school.

If the loyal alumni donated enough money to the department of romance languages at Iowa, it might soon be the best in the Big Ten. But how much money is it going to take to bring Iowa football up to par with Michigan football? Given population, facilities, size, tradition, publicity, there is just no way to bridge the gap. Oh sure, every blue moon Iowa will win a game, what the heck, Baylor won the Southwest Conference last year. Who knows, maybe Vanderbilt won the SEC once; possibly even Washington State and Brown won something once (after all, we are assured that truth is stranger than fiction).

But especially in college football, the hierarchy is fixed: it is a much more stagnant enterprise than the pros. In more than a decade the only big new teams to emerge have been Arizona State and Houston. College sports is the best evidence the pros have that some sort of draft selection and binding reserve clause are required to inhibit polarization. Frank Broyles, the Arkansas football coach, suggests a college draft whereby the teams with poorer records would be permitted to enroll more scholarship players: 40 if you won only two games

last season, 28 if you won three, down to 22 if you lost one game or less. His is a voice crying in the wilderness.

And yet one of the main reasons why the pros have kicked the colleges has been because there is hope in the pros. The Miami Dolphins were champions of the world in only their seventh season. In college, the more things go on, the less they change. Even in basketball, where one player can overhaul a team, the same schools usually dominate. Thus, while it is both maddening and depressing, Don Canham's Michigan blueprint for the survival of college athletics may be applicable only to the prize schools. In effect, he may only be capable of showing the rich how to get richer.

That sort of prospect chills Canham, yet he agrees that all the evidence points in one direction—to a national collegiate superconference with a \$100 million TV contract and playoffs into February. Maybe a dozen colleges would survive to make the league. Everybody else, from San Diego State to Harvard, would say forget it and set aside Saturdays for fraternity flag football. The divisions grow wider. Notre Dame and Penn State suck up huge amounts of TV money and bowl money and have no conference colleagues to share it with. Oklahoma has made gurgling noises about quitting the Big Eight and keeping its payoffs all to itself. Penn State somehow got out of a schedule commitment with Navy, a poor draw at Annapolis, and signed up Ohio State for a bigger dollar gate. At the other end of the spectrum, there is a university like Southern Methodist, with a team that almost never beats Texas in the Southwest Conference or the Dallas Cowboys in the newspapers. The SMU athletic director is Dick Davis, a former stockbroker whose job it is to balance the budget. For a price, SMU will now play its home games away. Eventually, this could turn into a situation like the Roller Derby, where there were designated "home" and "visitor" teams. What good player will go to a college to play on the road?

"A superconference would make millions for Michigan," Canham says, "but do I want that? It wouldn't be an improvement. It would just be what was left, built on the ruins of intercollegiate athletics. But make no mistake, that's where we're heading if we don't find some

continued

3 out of 4 golfers in the National Long Driving Championship decided to drive a Titleist.

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10
players

12
players

242
players

47
players

All other balls combined: 15

sanity. We've got to keep schools playing, the Alabams and the Bucknells as much as anybody. *The idea is to play.* We just forced Tampa into dropping football. By we, I mean the big shops.

"O.K., no skin off my back. My football program costs \$800,000, and when everything is considered—TV, our Rose Bowl share—we return \$3 million on it, and the difference pays for a lot of varsity sports [there are 17 at Michigan]. But what happens when there's nobody left to play football against? The handwriting is there. When you see a place like Oregon State wipe out some scholarships, you know they'll be wiping out nonrevenue sports next, like at Syracuse, and then they'll be wiping out football because there won't be anything else left."

Sanity has never been very catching in the NCAA, but almost everybody is too broke to afford excess and eccentricity any longer. The meeting in Chicago next month will be a surprise only if nothing is done. "There has always been the concern among the presidents about intercollegiate athletics getting out of hand," President Fleming says, "but because intercollegiate athletics are so popular, you could never do much about them except in a persuasive sense. Now, at last, there is an urgency to go with the concern."

Moderation will come in two broad areas. First, there will be reductions in the size of coaching staffs and the number of scholarships. Common sense dictates this, if only because colleges will obtain the same results at less cost. "The ridiculous thing about scholarships," Canham says, "is that the same schools dominated athletics before scholarships as do now. Southern Cal pays out \$800,000 a year for scholarships. Eight-hundred thousand? Isn't that something? Southern Cal used to be No. 1 for free and now they pay \$800,000 for the privilege. That's progress."

Scholarships for nonrevenue sports (generally, all those other than football, basketball and hockey) will be drastically cut or eliminated altogether. For example, Michigan has traditionally dominated the Big Ten in tennis, as Iowa has in wrestling and Indiana in swimming. But that ego trip is over. "I've got 3,000 tennis players in the student body," Canham says. "It's getting harder to justify going out and finding sex guys and paying them to come in here and play tennis

for Michigan. But we're not going to stop doing that, we're not going to stop recruiting the best until everybody else does."

There has also been some talk of giving scholarships strictly on a need basis, as the Ivy League supposedly does, but that proposition is stillborn because the colleges' bottomhole salesmen have already found a way to circumvent such a rule. With the age of majority now down to 18, you just get the hank president's 6' 10" all-state son to sign a statement declaring that he doesn't live at home anymore and is therefore indigent. Result: a full scholarship for the poor little rich kid.

Secondly, the Chicago conference will almost surely place more restrictions upon recruiting. The best suggestion is that the recruiting season be reduced to a six-week period. It shouldn't take any longer to hunt quarterbacks and centers than it does mallard ducks and deer. "You've got to assume there's more cheating now," says Canham, "because there are more coaches on the road for more weeks, more months, with more pressure on them to produce."

The fact that football has become such a closed shop, with so very few colleges able to compete at the top, has made the competition for basketball players even fiercer. And the stakes are higher in basketball, because in theory, at least, that one big guy can make a college. You don't need half a dozen monsters to block for him and 11 others to make tackles when he is sitting down. The best football prospects are called blue chips. There are no blue chips in basketball; all of the chips being polka-dotted, speckled with blood money.

So, at last, the NCAA members are exasperated with cheating because it has become too expensive (if not more immoral). With the enlarged NCAA investigative staff, the chances of getting nabbed have also increased. There is, besides, a growing sentiment that it is time to start punishing real people as well as institutions. Where is the justice when Long Beach State and Oklahoma are penalized while the Long Beach basketball coach, Jerry Tarkanian, dances off to take over another team, and the Oklahoma football coach, Chuck Fairbanks, moves illicitly into a high-paying job? Canham goes even further: he wants

the kids who break the rules to be punished.

On another front, despite the patronage of such pugilist viziers as Paterno and Royal, the possibility of a return to one-platoon football appears remote and, for Canham, appalling as well. The subject charges him. He shoots up and goes for another cigarette—or two. "Right now," he says, upon his return, "we've got the best show in town. The colleges. We're licking the pros around here. The trend is changing. There were empty seats in the NFL last year, and I think that strike hurt more than anyone realizes. People can't relate to those players anymore. And now maybe it's the pros who lost a generation. They sold out their stadiums to the same few thousand expense accounts year after year. They shut out the new fans, and now that they might need them, we have them. And let's face it, I don't want to gloat about a thing like this, but in a recession it's the college guy, the more affluent, who's going to be hurt less and last. And we've got the high-class audience, the one that buys TV contracts."

"Now, with all this going for us, we're supposed to go back to the dull one-platoon football? Look, I'm not a coach like those guys. Paterno's got the only team in the East, no competition, he can fill his place whoever they play Royal, I guess, figures Texas is going to win no matter how many guys are on the field. So I'm not a coach, I'm not even that much of a fan—but I am a businessman, and if there's one thing I know it's this: if you own General Motors and Oldsmobile is losing money, the last thing you do is cut back on your production of Chevrolets, the thing that is keeping you in business."

Yet even with the rising popularity of college football and basketball, and something of a boomlet for college hockey in selected Northern spots, soaring costs make it a game of one-step-forward-two-back. President Fleming succinctly serves up the awful truth. "Don has been a genius at generating money in new and imaginative and honorable ways," he says, "but even he hasn't managed to do anything but keep the wolf from the door." The problem, basically, is that while the Detroit Lions only have to take care of the Detroit Lions, and the Detroit Pistons only have to look after the Detroit Pistons, Michigan foot-

ball has to tend to Michigan football—and Michigan tennis and Michigan gymnastics and Michigan cross-country and every other endeavor that involves Wolverine sweat. Is this possible? Indeed, is it even realistic to assume the premise that all varsity sports at a college should be embraced in the same budget, and one that should be balanced?

If there is any merit in college sports—for participant and spectator—then their existence should not be determined either by the win-loss record or by the ledger. If there is merit in Shakespeare, we should not discard English 403 because it doesn't show a profit. In the same vein, it may be nonsense to connect sports just because they are sports. As Hamlet said, "For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?" Really, what's Michigan football to Michigan cross-country, any more than Michigan football to the Michigan glee club or to the Michigan organic chemistry department? Somewhere down the line these realities are going to have to be faced by legislatures and university overseers.

In the meantime, where are the new revenues to come from?

Well, if you are not Michigan, but big enough, you can emulate what Don Canham has already done at Michigan. If you are Michigan, pretty soon everybody has four bumper stickers, and you have to reach further afield for new sources of revenue. As the old saying goes: when the money gets short, the shorts get going. Even Canham, the supersalesman, a man otherwise so convincing, suddenly appears to be trying to convince himself when asked about the future.

"Well, different things might work in different schools," he begins tentatively. "Parking, for instance. We used to give most of it away. Now we make \$100,000 a year off it. A lot of schools still give it away, feeling it is not proper to charge. And the ice rink here is a hell of a moneymaker. It's paid for itself. You can make money off your golf course, off your tennis courts." He pops up and makes the round trip for another cigarette. "But look, who knows what's ahead? Things that seem ridiculous to us now may save us. You do more and more desperate things the more desperate you get. Maybe eventually we're going to have to go to industry. Industry already

subsidizes various pro sports, so why not college and amateur sports? Maybe we're going to have to get the major leagues to chip in. And already here we're playing around with cable television, which I think can translate into pay television down the road.

"And right now, today, there's more that we all can do. I still don't think we've marketed our games nearly as well as we could. We were intimidated by the pros for so long. That's where we messed up. Of course, the pros are better players. There's no argument about skill. Also, they've got the stars. How are we going to fight a guy like Johnny Unitas who's starring for 15 to 20 years? So we make the coaches our stars. When Ohio State comes in here this year, who do you think those people will come to see—the players, Archie Griffin? No sir, they'll be here to see Woody Hayes. The men take their children down by the field and point him out. I've seen it. And we better understand that. We've got to promote what we have. We've got to bullyhoo the pageantry, the weekend on the campus, the kids, the cheerleaders, the bands. And the same thing with basketball. We've got to sell the spectacle."

Canham picks up one of his land-development-cum-football brochures and handwishes it. Two of the 11 color pictures are of football action. The others portray bands, foliage, dimpled cheerleader knees. "You ask if I can justify it all, you ask are college athletics worth it? O.K., why do I go to the ballet? How do I justify that? Well, because I enjoy it. I don't learn anything from it, I just go to a performance and enjoy it. So listen, when you sell 25,000 student tickets every week and 8,000 staff and faculty tickets, that means you're in the entertainment business, the enjoyment business. If you've got that many people with that much interest in something, if there's that many people who care, that's sufficient justification."

One is reminded of Ben Franklin, another fellow who was pretty good at a number of things, when he was watching the first balloon ascension over Paris. Someone in the crowd admired the performance, but questioned what good it was. Franklin turned to him and said, "What good is a newborn baby?"

College athletics is like that, if not, of course, quite so innocent.

END



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RUFFIAN

Sir:

As a horse lover and owner I felt very badly about the destruction of the gallant and beautiful Ruffian (*He Led with One Fatal Step*, July 14). But I also felt anger. I have to wonder what would happen to many of these beautiful broken-down horses if they had not started pounding the turf at the ripe old age of 1½. Any horse owner should know that just because a horse is big and tall as a yearling does not mean that its bones are set and ready for the pounding from running on a track.

MAUREEN GRIFFIN

Westbrook, Conn.

Sir:

The real problem was the race. It was a spectacle à la Rags-King, created by false pride and avarice, and it should never have taken place for the following reasons:

1. Most horse people know that match races prove nothing and more often than not have been extremely detrimental to the participants.

2. The track surface at Belmont was exceptionally hard and fast, with several breakdowns occurring the week before the race. Two track records, one of which was set in 1913, were broken.

3. If the New York Racing Association thought the race would attract a new younger audience that would become fans and bolster attendance, I am sure the results were just the opposite. Speaking for myself and I am sure many others, it will be a long, long time before I have any desire to go to a thoroughbred track again, and I have been an avid racing fan for 17 years, which is more than half my life.

4. Ruffian had never been in a truly competitive race before. To place an untied horse, which had previously broken down, in a match race—when she could have obtained additional experience and then met Foolish Pleasure in the Travers—was unthinkable.

JOANNE JOYS

Toledo, Ohio

PRO SCOOTER

Sir:

William Leggett (TV *RADIO*, July 14) said that New York Yankee announcers are not very good. But he compared men like Phil Rizzuto to the two great broadcasters, Mel Allen and Red Barber. The fact is that no announcer now working is as good as Allen and Barber were. I am a baseball fan and have traveled to many baseball cities and lis-

tened to many announcers, and I have found that Rizzuto is the best of all "present" announcers.

JOHN SCAROTTE

New York City

THE COURT RECORD

Sir:

When anybody was a Wimbledon singles title six times (*A Center Court Case*, July 14), makes it to the finals eight out of the last 10 years, overcomes all the odds to beat young players in grueling matches, and with bad knees to boot, that person certainly deserves to be on your cover. You know who I'm talking about: Billie Jean King. You guys really blew it this time.

PAT GOOD

Salina, Kansas

PICKING STARS

Sir:

The article about Bob Watson of the Houston Astros and his inability to receive recognition in the All-Star balking (*All-American but not an All-Star*, July 14) was an example of the farcical method used to select the starting teams.

When the voting is left to the fans, the teams are usually a conglomerate of the most-popular and best-publicized players rather than the ones whose performances warrant places. Watson is only one of many players in a similar situation. Surely the All-Star Game would be much more representative if the players and/or sportswriters chose the real All-Stars.

BOB SMITH

Rexford, N.Y.

Sir:

Once a year the fans are able to choose who they want to see playing in the All-Star Game. To take the vote away from them would be unfair.

SCOTT BELL

Summersville, W. Va.

BAD DECISION?

Sir:

What provoked Mark Kram to attack Carlos Monzon, ridicule Joe Bugner, mock Gil Clancy and doubt Muhammad Ali (*A Two-Ring Circus*, July 14)? Is Monzon giving Ray Robinson a "hard right," as Clancy said, such a farfetched idea? Was Sugar Ray invincible? Did he "take dives" against Randy Turpin, Carmen Basilio, Paul Pender and Gene Fullmer? Granted, Sugar Ray was probably the greatest middleweight of

all time, but Monzon is no bum, and he is not totally void of boxing skills. Carlos Monzon is a class fighter, and his record proves it.

ROCCO LA ROCCO

Brooklyn

PIRACY IN THE EAST

Sir:

Thank you for the story about the Pirates' John Candelera (*Another Keel Haul in the East*, July 14). Around the Parade Grounds and on East 10th Street in Brooklyn, he is affectionately known as "Candy." Holy Innocents C.Y.O. and the Parade Grounds League and all of East 10th Street are very proud of John. Please keep us posted on his progress.

PAT FITZ

Brooklyn

BIG WHEEL

Sir:

You somehow managed to write a whole story about Richard Petty (*Of Aug Reck and the First*, July 14) without once mentioning the name of the car in which he has won the vast majority of his races.

J. D. OWENS

Detroit

• As most buffs know, Petty drives Plymouths and Dodges.—ED.

FACT AND FICTION

Sir:

Re your excerpt from E. L. Doctorow's new book (*The Mage of Ragtime*, July 14), I realize the author is taking a fictional family and bringing in factual material for a certain effect, but if his "factual" material is meant to be just that, I have found an error. According to my information, there is no way Rabbit Maraville could have played for the Boston Braves the same year that Charles Victor Faust was allowed to play for the New York Giants. Faust had his day in the majors until 1912.

NORMAN BENEDICT

Columbia, Mo.

• Doctorow took liberties with his "factual" material, moving people around in time and place to suit his fancy.—ED.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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